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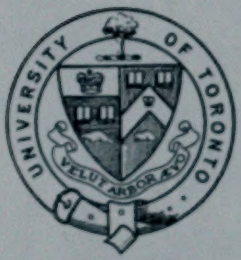

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canónach, s.p.

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PREFACE

THIS, the fourth and final part of Caint na nDaoine is, perhaps, the most useful of the series. Like the other parts it contains a useful vocabulary not only for learners but for speakers of Irish. The native Irish speaker who lives on the sea-board can enrich his vocabulary with numerous words relating to the life of the inland while the native speaker living far away from the sea can increase his stock of words and phrases relating to fishing, boating, and the life of the maritime districts. To the learner of Irish, this vocabulary, set in the phrases of living Irish speech, is invaluable. It includes the names of fishes, plants, trees, birds, animals, as well as technical terms relating to farming, fishing, and recreations. The book concludes with a dialogue on the Irish Language itself. The entire work will now be published in one volume.

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Fógartéar gaé ceapt ar cornam.

CAINNT NA NDAOINE

PART IV.

An Farraige.

Nách garbh atá an farraige indiu, a Seáin! Is dócha gur gearr uainn stoirm; tá an farraige anasuaidhte ar fad.

Féach mar a féidtear an farraige cáitte tar na carraigneacaibh; cad é mar stuaidh cubhair ar na tonntaibh!

Nách breagh iad na capaill bána (nó capaill Mhanannain mar a tugtí orra fadó).

Féach amach, tá long bheag ag bun (nó iogar) na spéire.

Ní féidir liom í feirsint.

A Shorcha, a cailín, tabair cugam an fiodán radharc.

Cim anoir í; long gaile anbheag is eadh í. Tá trí simlí uirri.

Dhéidir gur long cogaidh í; mo thruagh iad na máirnéalaigh bocta!

Tá an stoirm ag maolughadh, burbeacar le Dia; téanam ort amach fan na trága.

THE SEA.

How rough the sea is to-day, John, I dare say we are near a storm; the sea is dreadfully choppy.

How the spray is dashed over the rocks; what a crest of foam on the waves!

How beautiful the white horses (or Neptune's horses as they used to be called long ago).

See, there is a beautiful ship at the horizon.

I can't see it.

Sarah, girl, bring me the telescope.

Now I see her; she is a beautiful steamer. She has got three funnels.

Perhaps it is a warship; I pity the poor sailors.

The storm is abating, thank God; come along the strand.

Seaċain, a Ṫaiḋg, aguṡ ná ṡiubail ar an bṫeamanaċ; tá ṡé an-ṡleamain; níl aon ṫreó aċ a bṫuil de ḋileaṡc ar an ṫṡráiġ ṡeo.

Aguṡ ṡéaċ na gṡuaḋáin go léiṡ, na ṡliogáin ḋuḃa aguṡ na ḋaoċóga.

Náċ tiuġ atá na gṡuaḋáin; ní ṡolárṡ ḋúinn cuid aca ḋo ḋailiuġaḋ maṡ tá ṡiad an-mhaiṫ le n-iċe.

Tá a lán ṡliogán an-ḋeaṡ le ṡaġáil ar an ngainimh; ḃaileoċaimíd ṡoinnt díoḃ ṡoim ḋul aḃaile ḋúinn.

Ask Tim, do not walk on the seaweed; it is very slippery; it is amazing what a lot of dilisk there is on this strand.

And look at the cockles, the mussels, and the perriwinkles.

How plentiful the cockles are; we must pick some for they are splendid food.

There are numbers of pretty shells to be found on the sands; we shall gather some of them before going home.

An tuaṫ.

THE COUNTRY.

Gnóṫaí na ṡeirme.

Works of the Farm.

An ṡeirm.

The Farm.

An bṫuil ṡíoṡ agaṫ, a Labṡáir, cé atá 'na ċómnuiḋe ṡa tiġ úd ṫall, an tiġ deaṡ cinnṡlinne ar ṫaoḃ an ċnuic?

Do you know, Lawrence, who is living in that house yonder, the pretty slate-roofed house on the side of the hill?

'Sé Seán Ó Gaḋṡa atá 'na ċómnuiḋe ann, ṡear compóṡḋamail criṡoċnamail aguṡ ṡeirmeóir andiċeallaċ.

John Geary lives there, a comfortable, industrious man, and a very diligent farmer.

Amḃaṡa, a Mhuiriṡ, go bṫuil áiṫreaḃ bṁeag aiġe; tá an tiġ cómnuiġṫe go deaṡ ṡeaṡgair pé'n Ċiṡinn é.

Indeed, Maurice, he has a fine place; the dwelling house is nice and cosy anyway.

Tá feirm maiṫ talṁain leis aige agus airnéis áluinn; ar maiṫ leat teaċt ċun caiṁnte leis; tá mé féin agus Seán an-muinteartha le na ċéile; is féidir dúinn an cóṁgar do ġabáil tríd an bpáirc.

He has a good farm of land and fine stock; would you like to come and chat with him; John and myself are very friendly; we can take the short cut through the field?

Tá na barraí ar feadar aige; is fada ná feaca na garraiḋċe ċóṁ glas an taca so bliaḋna.

His crops are in perfect condition; it is a long time since I saw the crops so green at this time of the year.

Is dóċa gur dóġaḋ cuid der na gaiṫ leis an sioc i ndeire an Earraiġ.

I suppose some of the stalks were burnt by the frost at the end of Spring?

Do dóġaḋ, aċ cé gur dóġaḋ é féin níor deineaḋ puinn díobála dóiḃ agus ní feicim aon sian meaṫluiġte orra.

They were, but though they were, burnt they didn't suffer much harm, and I don't see any sign of the blight on them.

An mó acra talṁain atá aige?

How many acres of land has he?

Suas le céad acra de ṫalam breaġ fairḃir; agus tá roinnt de 'na ṁoṫaċ agus gealltaim duit ná bíonn aḋḋar teine i n-earnaḋ air ó ċeann ceann na bliaḋna.

Up to a hundred acres of fine rich land, and there is some of it under bog, and I promise you he has no lack of fuel from one end of the year to another.

Is dóċa go mbíonn móin breaġ aige?

I suppose he has fine turf?

Connus a ġearrtar an ṁóin, a Labráir?

How is turf cut Laurence?

Ġearrtar leis an sleáġan í; ná feaca sleáġan riaṁ?

It is cut with a turf-spade; did you ever see a turf spade?

Ní doiġ liom go bfeaca maṙ is beaġ an taiṫiġe atá agam ar an dtuaiṫ.

I don't think I did, for it is very little recourse I have to the country.

Táimid ag an dtig anoir, agus airigim mar a béad madra ag amharcaig nó ag glamgail.

We are at the house now, and I hear something like the barking or yelping of a dog.

Tá an ceart agat, airigim an dranntán, agus do béad eagla orm dul isteach.

Your are right, I hear the snarl, and I would be afraid to go in.

Ná bíod aon eagal ort mar ní dóig liom go dtuitid mallaigte.

Do not be afraid, for I think they are not vicious.

Is measa a n-amharcaig ná a dtiacal.

Their bark is worse than their bite.

Is maith agus is tíltir na gárdai iad.

They are good and faithful watches.

Mar sin féin ní béad aon iontaoib agam arta.

All the same I wouldn't trust them.

An airigir riamh cnact an na ceithre neithe nác foláir a feachaint—drannadal madra, crúb capaill, éadan tairb, agus gáire Sasanaig.

Did you ever hear tell of the four things that one must be on his guard against : a dog's mouth, a horse's hoof, a bull's fore-head, and an Englishman's laugh ?

Ni feadar an dtuil an glas ar an ngeata.

I wonder is the gate locked ?

Ni doig liom go dtuil.

I don't think it is.

Sé mo chuaim gur tairte nó lúb atá air nó bréidir bólta.

I imgaine it is a latch or loop that is on it, or maybe a bolt.

Ni gád dúinn aon eagla a beit orainn anoir mar airigim an cailin ag bagairt ar na madraí.

We needn't be afraid now, for I hear the girl quietening (or threatening) the dogs.

Ni foláir bualad ag an dorar ; nil aon glagán air ; buailfead lem' phuicinib.

We must knock at the door ; there is no knocker on it ; I will knock with my knuckles.

Tá an cuid ir mó de'n bpeirm úd cior 'na n-ic̃ir; cuirtear a lán barraí innti.

The greater part of that farm below is in tillage; a great many crops are sown in it.

Bíonn lion innti anoir agus airir, cé gur annam a ciceap lion ra bucáis reo.

There's flax sown in it now and again, although flax is seldom seen in the district.

Agus cad na ćaob ná cuirtear lion nior minicíge?

And why isn't flax sown more frequently?

Mar rin náć foláir a lán dá buaid d'fagáil rar a nuéantar é fniom.

Because a great deal of trouble must be taken with it before 'tis spun.

Cad tá ag na fearaib 'á déanam cior ag bun na páirce?

What are the men doing below at the foot of the field?

Ná feiceann tú go bfuilid ag pómar agus a' grafad.

Don't you see that they are digging and grubbing.

Tá feirmeáć bneag ag obair ar an dtaob tuaid de'n páirc.

There is a fine ploughing team at work in the northern side of the field.

Tátar ag treabad agus ag fuirmeád fé láćair.

They are ploughing and harrowing at present.

An bfeiceann tú na céáćta agus na bráćaí ar riubal?

Do you see the ploughs and the harrows at work?

Ir cuimin liom, a Mhuirir, go mbíod feirmeóir 'na ćómnuide ar an dtaob tear de'n portać, agus go mbíod fé pagairneać go leór anoir agus airir.

I remember, Maurice, there used to be a farmer living on the south side of the bog, and that he used to be very reckless now and again.

Ní feadar an bfuil fé 'na ćómnuide ann fós nó connus d'imtig leis?

I wonder is he living there still or how did he fare?

Ní'l fé ann a tuille, a Taidg; d'imtig fé le

He is no longer there, Tim He went to ruin; he used

fuaċt agus le fán; do ċaiteaḋ ré formór a ċoiḋ' aimsire i ndiġ an tábairne.

spend the greater part of his time in the public-house.

Tá eiseaḋ dom go bfuil a lion-tiġe go beó boċt agus go mbíonn sé féin ag obair ar a páiġ lae isteiġ sa ċathair.

I am told that his family family are wretchedly poor, and that he himself is working for his daily wage in the city.

Ar airiġis riamh an seanfocal: "Seaċain tiġ an tábairne nó is báirniġ is beaċa duit."

Have you heard the old saying: "Unless you shun the public-house poverty and hunger will be your portion" (lit., your food will be barnacles).

Cé leis an feirm úd ċíos go bfuil a formór ar féarach.

Who is the owner of that farm below, the greater part of which is on grazing

Is le Seán Mac Suibne an feirm sin, agus is náire raoġalta an talam breaġ san a beit 'na réiḋtiḋ aiġe ag coṫuġaḋ bó i n-ineaḋ beit 'á saoṫruġaḋ.

That farm belongs to John McSwiney, and it is a crying shame for him to have that beautiful land a cattle ranch instead of cultivating it.

Is ḋóċa, a Mhiċil, go mbíonn tú an-broiseamail ré láċair ag ullmuġaḋ an tailiúm i gcóir na mbarrai.

I suppose, Michael, you are very busy at present preparing the land for the crops?

Táimid 'gá leasruġaḋ ré láċair; tá na fir oibre ag leaċaḋ aoiliġ agus cruscair inniu, agus ní fada go mbeiḋ na mná ag geappaḋ na sceallán; tá na práṫai sil ar seaḋar againn i mbliaḋna.

Just now we are manuring it; the workmen are spreading manure and our weed to-day and the women will be soon cutting potatoes: we have excellent seed potatoes this year.

Deimiḋ aġ cur na cruiṫneaċta aġus an treaġail fad a fada, aġus beiḋ timpall le naoi acra fé coirce aġam.

We shall soon be sowing the wheat and the rye, and I shall have about nine acres under oats.

Fáġfad páirc nó dó 'na diaidh (nó 'na ċac ar aġaiḋ) i mbliaḋna.

I shall leave a field or two fallow this year.

Náċ tiuġ atá na prátaí aġ fás fa páirc ar an dtaob eile ċlaiḋe.

How quickly the potatoes are growing on the other side of the fence.

Is dóċa ġur ġeall náċ foláir an ċré do ċur leo.

I dare say they will soon have to be earthed.

Is fíor fan mar tá an aimsir ġo h-áluinn; Tá an báisteaċ aġus na driúċta aġ teaċt ġo tráṫamail.

Quite true, for the weather is beautiful; the rain and dew are coming in good season.

Ní cuimin liom a leiṫéid d'aimsir le bréaġtaċt.

I don't remember such beautiful weather.

Ní h-ionann é is anuiridh; ṫáinig an meaṫ ġo mór-luaṫ ar na ġarraiḋe; ní raiḃ aġainn aċ creaċáin aġus an duḃ ar ċuid aca.

Not like last year; the blight came very early in the gardens; we had only wretchedly small potatoes, and some of them black.

Féaċ, a Mhuiris, náċ deas tiuġ atá an ġeamar aġ fás fa ġort úd ċuar.

See, Maurice, how nice and thick the young corn is in that field above.

Ní mar sin do'n ġort atá ar ṫaob an ċnuic, tá sé aġ féaċaint ġo ġránda.

Not so with the field on the side of the hill; 'tis looking very ugly.

Ní foláir nó tá an talam an-ḃocṫ.

The land must be very poor.

Ni'l aon treó aċ a ḃfuil d'fiaḋaile ann: feóċaḋán, ġeóraḋán aġus cuṗóġa ġo flúirseaċ, aġus ní ḃóiġ liom ġo ḃfeaca an ṗraiseaċ duiḃe ċom tiuġ i n-aon ġort riamh.

It's amazing what a quantity of weeds are in it—thistles, cornweed and dockleaves in abundance, and I don't think I ever saw the corn kale so thick in any field.

Cad tá ag fás fa ghort íor i n-aice an bóthair?

What is growing in the field below near the road.

Do cuireadh eorna ann ach is ann éigin atá sí ag fás; talamh bocht fuar fliuch is eadh é.

Barley was sown in it, but it is scarcely growing; it is poor, cold, wet land.

Dá mb'áil leis an bhfeirmeóir caithréim do dhéanamh thíd, ba mhór an tairbhe do'n talamh é, agus ní bheadh na neanntógha agus na fiaidhile eile ag fás chomh tiuch agus a' tachtadh na mbarrai.

If the farmer would only drain it, it would be a great benefit to the land, and the nettles and the other weeds would not be growing so thick and chocking the crops.

Tá páirc bhreagh fheimhe annso ag bun an chnocáin; ná h aitheann tú an bholaidhe bhreagh cumhra atá ór na bláthannaibh?

There is a fine field of clover here at the foot of the hill; do you not perceive the fine fragrant smell from the blossoms?

Aithighim go deimhin agus aithighim crónán na mbeach leis agus iadh ag dul ó bhláth go bláth ag deóthmeala.

I do indeed, and I hear the humming of the bees also as they go from blossom to blossom sucking honey.

Níl aon threó ach a bhfuil d'aiteann a' fás ar an dtaobh thuaidh de'n chnoc. Tá an fhraoch leis go flúirseach ann.

It is amazing what a quantity of furze is growing on the north side of the hill. There is heather in abundance there also.

Ní maith an cómharthá ar an talamh é, mar ní fásann an t-aiteann i n-aon talamh fóghanta. Mar sin féin deintear úsáid de; earrais maith chluthmar agus biadh folláin do capallaibh ireadh é.

It is not a good sign of the land, for furze does not grow in any good land. However, they make use of it. It makes good warm litter, and wholesome food for horses.

Nách deas a fhúthann gháirdín na nglasraí ar an dtaobh thiar de'n tig.

How nice the vegetable garden behind the house looks. What splendid

Cad é 'mar cabáirte! Féuc na cuir móra! Nár thuag gan an buaċalán buide agus an boppán a glanad amaċ ar.

cabbage! See the big heads! What a pity not to weed out the ragweed and the butter-bur.

Tá na fir úd thíor ana bhoitheamail a' baint an féir. Ní fada go mbeid pé 'na chuaċaib agus ar lámh fádála acá agus a thiormaċt atá an aimsir. Is dóċa go mbeid fear 'á tarrac isteaċ fan ioċtáinn an treaċtmain seo chugainn.

Those men below are very busy cutting the hay. They will shortly have it made into cocks and saved, seeing how dry the weather is. I dare say they will be drawing it into the haggart next week.

Cim ná fuil Tadg Ó Cruadlaoiċ a' baint a cod' féir fós; aċ fuaimeóċt ab ead Tadg i gcómnuige riam. Mar adeir an sean-focal "dá mbeadh foineann go Samain do béadh bheall ar thuine éigin."

I see Tim Crowley is not yet cutting his hay; but Tim was always a good-for-nothing fellow. As the old saying has it: "Though the fine weather continued till November, some one would be in a sorry plight."

An bfeiceann tú an tig cinn tuige úd thíor?

Do you see the thatched house below?

Tá fear 'na cómnuidhe ann agus is gnáċ leis a bheit i ndiaidh lámha le n-a cuid oibre.

There is a man living there who is generally behind hand in his work.

Do tuit ana thionóirc amaċ dá capall agus dá gciolla an lá fé dheire

His horse and driver met with a terrible accident the other day.

Do bí ualaċ féir 'á cabairt isteaċ ó'n bpáirc agus do n-iontuigeadh an trucaill ag cuinne an bóithrin; do bhreadh mul agus leaċtaidhe na trucaile agus dá fpeac fa

A load of hay was being brought in from the field, and the cart was upset at the corner of the lane; the axle and the shaft of the cart were smashed, two spokes in the wheel,

fod ; agus mar barr ar gach donar, ba dóbair go maródhfuidh an giolla.

Oc, Dia linn is Muire ; airiú, cér b'é an giolla ?

Seóirse Breathnach is ainm dó, firín gan ciall, dé gur dóig leis féin go bfuil sé ar an ngiolla is fearr dá bfuil amuigh.

An dóig leat go dtiocfaidh sé ar ?

'Só mo thuairim ná tiocfaidh, ach má tagann, is dícheal dó.

Is clos dom go mbíonn na fpeadhraidhi go h-uathbhárach air fé láthair.

Féach anonn ar an ngort bhreágh chruitheachta úd thall, nách dóig leat go bfuil sé aibhidh agus ollamh cun a bhaithe ; tá an ceann go bhreágh throm air, agus ar dhath an óir agus an tuige go bhreágh fada.

Ní foláir nó go mbeidh torradh an-mhaith ag an bhfeirmeóir sin i mbliadhna.

Beidh meitheal mór buanaidhe aige dé luain seo chugainn.

Is dócha gur beag aon áit ná bíonn mnéal aca anois i gcóir gach gnótha dá mbaineann leis an bfeirm.

and to crown every misfortune the driver was nearly killed.

Och, God and Mary help us, my goodness, who was the driver ?

George Walsh is his name, a little man without sense, although he fancies himself that he is the best driver to be found.

Do you think he'll recover ?

I don't think he will, but if he does it will tax him to the utmost.

I am told that he raves dreadfully at present.

Look over at that fine field of wheat yonder ; don't you think it is ripe and ready for reaping ; it has got a fine heavy head, golden yellow, and the straw fine and long.

That farmer will certainly have great produce this year.

He will have a large team of reapers on Monday next.

I suppose there is scarcely any place where they haven't machines now for every kind of farm work.

Is fíor sin ; bíonn inneal bainte, inneal ceangailte, agus inneal buailte acu ; ní bíteann ag briseadh an fheoil anois chun arbhair do bhaint fé mar a bíodh fadó, agus is fada ná feaca colpa súirte 'na láimh ag aonne.

Quite true ; they have reaping, binding and threshing machines ; they are not depending on the scythe now to cut down the corn as they did long ago, and it is a long time since I saw anyone handling a flail.

Féuch, tá na mná ag obair i ndiaidh na mbuanaidhe sa gort úd thall ; táid siad ag díogluim, agus geallaim duit nách pódhar an obair a bheit ag bailiughadh diar an fuaid an choinnligh agus a géire atá na coinnlini.

Look, the women are working after the reapers in that field south ; they are gleaning, and I assure you it is not very nice work to be gathering ears in the stubble field considering how sharp the stubbles are.

Is dócha nách fada go mbeidhfar ag bualadh an arbhair sa bhfeirm sin.

I dare say they will be soon threshing the corn in that farm.

Tá súil agam nách beidhfar ag ól le linn a bhuailte fé mar a bíodh.

I hope there won't be drinking at the threshing as there used to be.

Tá deire leis an ndrochbhéasa san, buidheachas le Dia. Bíonn luchd buailte agus luchd cáidhe lántsásta leis an mbiadh coitcheann.

There is an end of that bad habit, thank God. The threshers and winnowers are quite satisfied with the ordinary food.

Is dócha go ndeinteas usáid éigin de'n lochán a bainteas ar an arbhar.

I dare say they make some use of the chaff that is got out of the corn ?

Deinteas gan amhras.

Certainly.

Is 'mó lion-tighe bhoicht nách bíonn de leabaidh acu ach poinnt beag lochán.

Many a poor family that has no better bed than a little chaff.

Féach, tá cuid de'n eornam úd thíos, 'na fhiaic fós; nách truaig gan fcácaí, nó fcúcanna, nó punanna féin a déanamh dí fad a dtagaid an báirdeach.

Ní'l aon dealbham fógantha ar an lá.

Tá an ceart agat agus cad é an díogbáil dom ach aimfear a dóithin a beit ag an fhácaire.

Is dóca go raib fé i dtoptaoib le corránaib nó le fpeil chun na h-eórnan do bamt.

See some of that barley below is still in swath; what a pity not to make stacks or stooks or even sheaves of it before the rain comes.

The day doesn't look at all well.

You are quite right and I wouldn't mind so much, but the lounging fellow had quite time enough.

I dare say he was depending on sickles or the scythe to cut the barley.

Gardaóa na bhátaí.

The Potato Garden.

Cim go bfuil cuid den na gaig loifgthe ag an fhoc; is fó daogal ná beid na fhátaí luatha go maic againn.

I see some of the stalks are burnt by the frost; I fear very much that we shall not have good early potatoes.

Ar cuireadh an tarna ché leó fós?

Have they been second earthed yet?

Do cuireadh fada; ni fada go mbeid fiad aibid

Yes, long ago; they will soon be ripe.

Tá na gaig feóchta fa gardaibe úd thuaid, ach is'dóca gur mithid dóib é.

The stalks are withered in that garden north, but I suppose it is time for them.

Tá fúil agam go mbeid na fhátaí go flúirseach againn i mbliadna.

I hope we shall have potatoes in abundance this year.

Dioda ana-mion anuraid.

They were very small last year.

Féach, tádar 'á mbaint fa fháirc i bfuil agus, bu.b-

See, they are digging them in this field here, and,

eaċar le Dia, ní feicim aon rian duib orra; táid go breaġ reamar, plúrać.

Tá dóċa go gcuirfar roinnt maiċ díob i bpluais agus go gcludóċfa; go maiċ le cuiġe iad, rap a dteaġaid an fioċ orra.

thank God, I see no sign of blackening on them; they are fine, and large, and floury.

I dare say a good quantity of them will be put into a pit, and that they will be well covered with straw to save them from the frost.

na Beiċiġe.

The Animals.

Náċ breaġ an rtoc iad rúd acá ag mbear ra fáirċe coir na h-abann.

Féaċ cá an bó riabaċ ag bratoġuiol i bráirċe na reirpe.

Náċ mór an cleaḋaire í; ba beaġ an rġéal da n-imċiġeaḋ léiġi mar d' imċiġ leir an mbuin riabaiġ úd a maiḃ na Laċeannta anróċa a cuġ an t-Abrán ar iarraċt do'n Márta.

Nár leiġiḋ Dia ran; cé go bruil rí bratać féin, tá rí ar an mbuin baine ir fearr tá bruil agam. Ir beaġ aon lá ná go dtuġann rí ceiċre gallún baine.

Tá an broċal ag gortleaman ar ċuid de'r na buaiḃ; tá na cuileóga agus na corrmiolla ag imirt orra agus 'á gcráḋ.

Isn't those fine cattle that are grazing in the field by the river?

See, the brindled cow is trespassing in the clover field.

Isn't she a great villain; it would be a good job if she fared as that brindled cow fared that was killed by the fierce days borrowed by March from April.

God forbid! Even though she is breachy, she is the very best milch cow I have. There is scarcely a day that she does not give four gallons of milk.

The heat is very severe on some of the cattle; they are being annoyed and tormented by the flies and the midges.

Tá siad ag gadhail agus tá an tarbh ag búirigh; is dócha go mbéadh eagla ort roim an tarbh.

Do béadh sin nach iongnadh; is maith is cuimin liom an lá a bíos ag gabáil treasna na páirce sin, agus gur leig an tarbh búirt ar go n-aireóchtá míle ó baile í.

Ní foláir nó go raibh eagla do chroídhe ort.

Níor b' eagla go dtí é, agus geallaim duit gur geapp an moill orm dul ar an dtaobh eile claidhe.

Tá na ba úd thíos ag géimnigh; is dócha go bfuil a bhíos acá é beith i n-am a gcrúdhte.

Ní feadar an bhíos go dtugaid siad a gcuid bainne go héasca ach port a beith 'á gabáil dóibh le linn a gcrúdhte.

Cad na daoibh go bfuil cuid den na hainmidhe bocha ceangailte ar an gcuma sin?

Mar sin go mbíonn cuid acá bradach agus nách foláir buaraé nó crob nasc a cur orra é mar a cuirtear laincir ar an gcaoirigh nó rucall ar an gcapall.

Nách breagh an tréad caorach acá sa páirc seo, agus an gadhar 'na bfeidhil.

They are gadding, and the bull is bellowing; I dare say you would be afraid of the bull?

Of course, I would; it is well I remember the day I was crossing that field, and that the bull bellowed so that he might be heard a mile off.

You must have been dreadfully frightened.

I was never so frightened in my life, and I assure you that I wasn't slow in getting to the other side of the fence.

Those cows below are lowing; I suppose they are aware that it is milking time.

I wonder it it true that they give their milk quite freely provided a tune is being sung for them as they are milked?

Why are some of the poor animals tied up in that manner?

Because some of them are breachy, and it is necessary to put the ordinary fetter, or the fetter from the horn on them, just as the sheep and the horse are fettered.

What a fine flock of sheep there is in this field, and the dog minding them.

Is dílis an t-adhaire an gadhar.

The dog is a faithful shepherd.

Féach na h-uain dearga agus iad a' rúsráid dóib féin; tá cuid acu ag méidhlig; is dóca guidh ainlaidh atáid siad a' glaodhach ar a máithreacáibh; nách truagh na gobáin sin a beith orthu.

See the pretty lambs as they frisk about; some of them are bleating; I suppose they are calling for their mothers; what a pity to have those gags on them.

Ach is dóca gur mithid iad a chorg ó'n úr.

But I dare say it is time to wean them.

Nách dear an olann atá ar an bhóirc sin.

What fine wool there is on that ewe.

Tá an lomar go h-álainn uirthi, ach ní fada go mbeidh an deimheas ag obair agus an olann dá lomadh.

She has got a beautiful fleece, but the shears will soon be at work, and the wool shorn.

Ar ball beidhear 'á sníomh agus 'á figeadh.

Later on they will be spinning and weaving it.

Cuireann san i gcuimhne dom an aimsear i n-allód nuair a bíodh na figeadóirí go flúirseach againn agus figeadóireacht ar siubal beag nách imr gach paróirte.

That reminds me of the olden times when we had a large number of weavers and weaving industry carried on in almost every parish.

Nár maith an rséal dá mbéidhir againn airis, dá mbeadh an cúirne agus an seól, an fearrad agus an coigeal ar siubal fé mar a bídís fadó.

Would it not be a grand thing if we had them back again if the spinning wheel and the loom, the spindle and the distaff busy as they used to be of old.

"Molaim go deo an crannchaigh 'r an seól" mar a deir an "Craoibin Aoibhinn."

"I commend forever the setting sticks and the loom," as the Craoibhin Aoibhinn says.

Nár cruaig na reilteoi agus na lurgánaca (nó luibpiarai) a beit ag ité na luibeanna sa gárrdín sin.

Tá na plandaibe go léir beag nár loiscte.

A Seóirse, an bfeiceann tú an gabar agus na mionnáin beaga gleoitse thar ag bun na páirce i n-aice epó na gceapaé?

Táid siad sa páirc 'na bfuil na ba 'na luige agus ag cogaint na cine.

Cim an gabar agus na mionnáin; ir beag aon ainmide atá com ciúin com socair leis an ngabar aé gan cur isteaé a tóganam uiri; aé tá ndéanfi aon cur isteaé uiri nior mhaé liom beit 'na haice; tá mb'fearr na madraí fein iad. ni mian leo teacht 'na gcoir.

Is dóca gurab aithlaid a bionn eagla orra roim a n-adaire nó bréidir roim an meigiol.

Feaé thar an t-asal beag agus i dá-h-iomlaire fein.

Nár dear an peaspar atá le 'na cois.

Tá sí ag reiceadaig go n-aébarach agus cad é man gleó!

Is dóca gur ab é sin do fear an tige atá ag gabail amach an bóthar ar muin capaill.

What a pity that the snails and the caterpillars are eating the herbs in that garden.

Nearly all the plants are ruined by them.

George, do you see the goat and the nice little kids below at the end of the field near the sheepfold?

They are in the field where the cows are lying and chewing the cud.

I see the goat and the kids; there are few animals so quiet and gentle as the goat provided you don't interfere with her; but if she suffered any interference, I wouldn't like to be near her; even the dogs themselves don't like to approach her.

I suppose it is the horns they are afraid of, or perhaps the whisker.

See below, the little donkey rolling herself.

What a pretty foal is with her.

She is braying terribly, and what an uproar!

I suppose the man coming up the road on horseback is the man of the house?

Ní mórdóg é gur capall groidhe é. — It is surely a spirited horse.

Ceapaim go bfuil rud éigin ag imirt air trá ir go bfuil sé ag croidhe a cinn ar an gcuma san. — I think there is something annoying him, seeing that he is shaking his head in that manner.

Dhéidir gurab é an béalbhac atá ag imirt air. — Perhaps it is the bit that's annoying him.

An airigeann tú na beacha ag crónán 'nár dtimpeall? — Do you hear the bees buzzing around us?

Ní foláir nó cá faide i mball éigin 'nár n-aice. — There must be a swarm somewhere near us.

'Sé mo chuairim go bfuil cruiceóg beag lairgiar de'n tig. — I expect there is a hive at the far side of the house.

Is minic a bim ag cuimneam ar na beachaibh agus ar an obair a bionn acu 'á déanamh. — It is often I think of the bees and the work they do.

Ni'l aon iongnadh ach a dheire agus a chruinne a leagaid siad an céir agus a chuiridh siad an criathar mealla le céile. — It is perfectly wonderful how neatly and exactly they spread the wax and put the honeycomb together.

Nár airigir riamh an seanfocal: "Tá trí neithe áirigthe ann agus is dódheacair iad do thuigsint; imtheacht na mban, obair na mbeach, agus teacht agus imtheacht na taoide." — Did you ever hear the proverb: "There are three things very difficult to understand: the mind of a woman, the work of the bees, and the flow and ebb of the tide?"

Féach! tá beachgabair ar an dtaob thiar díot; feachain rabha gcuiridh sé ceallg ionnat. — Look! there is a wasp behind you; beware lest he might sting you.

Is nimheach an rud ceallg ó bheach-gabair. — A sting from a wasp is a very poisonous thing.

na Crainn; na h-éin; na h-Ainmhidhe.

The Trees; The Birds; The Animals.

Téanam amach go dtí an coill. Tá cúlbóthar deas glan, ann seo agus fál breá lábhair ar gach taobh de.

Come on south towards the wood. There is a nice, clean avenue here, with a fine laurel hedge on each side.

Is féidir dúinn gabháil síos an t-ansacht seo an gcoill; agus beidh an comhgar againn a dul abhaile dúinn.

We can go down the path through the wood, and we shall have the short cut on our way home.

An airigeann tú na dreoilíní-ceardaigh agus iad a' ceiliúradh fé 'n ngréin? Nách meidhreach atáid siad. Ní fhuláir nó go gcuireann lonnradh na gréine ana áthas orthu.

Do you hear the grasshoppers as they are chirping in the sun? How merry they are. The sunshine must give them great delight.

Ní mirte a rádh ná gur breá an coill í seo. Is dóigh go mbiodh a leagadh na gcrann chun adhbar teine do fholáthar i gcóir an geimhridh, i n-ionad beith a' brath ar guail.

This is certainly a beautiful wood. I dare say they fell some of the trees to provide fuel for the winter, instead of depending on coal.

Is beag aon chineál crann nách fuil le fágail sa coill seo. Féach na leamháin bhreágha agus na crainn cnó-capaill agus an méad go flúirseach orra.

There is scarcely any kind of tree that is not to be met with in this wood. See the beautiful elms, and the horse-chestnuts with their abundant fruit.

Nách mór an náire do daoine a beith a' gearradh a n-ainmneacha ar an gcoirt mar sin agus a' lot na gcrann.

Is it not a great shame for people to be cutting their names on the bark like that, and spoiling the trees?

Tá an fáidbile agus an coll, crann na bráid, a' fás annso coir an leasa.

The beech and the hazel, the seer's trees, are growing here beside the old lios.

Is annamh a connac an beit agus an fuinneóg cóm breag agus com h-árd is táid siad annso.

I have seldom seen the birch and the ash so fine and tall as they are here.

Tugaim fé ndeara go bfuil a lán coinicéar mór-timpeall, ac ní feicim aon coinin. Ni fuláir nó gur feannruigeadar nuair airigeadar a' teacht finn.

I notice that there are a great many burrows all round, but I see no rabbit. They must have taken fright when they heard us coming.

Níd nác locht orra, mar is maith atá 'f ag na créatúiri go mbíceas a' faire orra cun iad a lámac nó a gabáil i ngairte.

No blame to them, for the creatures know well that they are being watched in order to shoot or ensnare them.

Is 'mó fealg bréag a connacar i n-aice na coille seo, agus is maith is cuimin liom nuair airigimn an adhaire a' péacad, ná féadainn gan dul i ndiaid an lucht fiadaig (nó na bfiadhuigce.)

It is many a fine hunt I witnessed near this wood and I remember well when I used to hear the sound of the horn, I could not help running after the huntsmen.

Ceapar an uair sin ná raib ceol ar domhan cóm h-aoibinn le h-uaill na conaipce agus le fuaim na h-adhaipce.

I thought at that time there was no music in the world so delightful as the cry of the pack and the blast of of the horn.

Is minic airigear m'athair, ar dtús Dé go raib a anam, a' rád go mbiod broc ciar sa cúinne thoirt fan ag bun na coille, ac ní feaca aon broc ná bfoclac riam:

I often heard my father, God rest his soul, say that there used to be badgers below in that dark corner at the bottom of the wood, but I never saw a badger nor a

ᴅ'imṫiġeaḋaṁ leó féin faṫó. Imṫeaċt gan ṫeaċt oṁċa maṗ ir ġṗán-ḋa na h-ainmiḋe iaḋ.

badger warren; they went off with them. selves long ago. May they never return! for they are ugly animals.

Ir ḋóċa náċ feaṗṗḋe na ċṗainn ant eiṫneán ṗan ġo léiṫ a ḃeiṫ a' ṗáṗ ṫimpeall oṗṫa? Im ḃṗiaṫaṁ náċ feaṗṗḋe.

I dare say all that ivy which is growing on the trees does not serve them? Indeed it does not.

Ni ḋóiġ liom ġo ḃṗeaca aon ċṗann ḃán (nó ṗiocamóṗ) ná ċṗann ṗaiṫġe ná ċṗann cuṗaiṁ, ná caoṁċann annṗo póṁ.

I don't think I have yet seen any sycamore, or willow, or cypress, or rowan tree here.

Táiḋ ṗiaḋ ṗan ann leiṗ; aġuṗ ḋá mḃ'é an ċṗann caiṫne féin é, tá ṗé le fáġail annṗo. Siúḃail leaṫ ó ṫuaiḋ aġuṗ taiṗḃeánṗaḋ ḋuiṫ é.

They are there also, and even the arbutus is to be found here. Come along northwards in this direction and I will show it to you.

Ċeaṁaṗ náṗ ḃṗéiḋiṗ an ċṗann ṗan ᴅ'fáġail laṁṁuiġ ḋe Ċill Áiṁe, aċ ċim ġo ḃṗuil ṗé a ṗáṗ ġo h-álainn annṗo aġuṗ na h-ubla ġo flúiṗṗeaċ aiṁ.

I thought that tree could not be found outside Killarney; but I see it is growing beautifully here, and that it has "Cain apples" in abundance.

Náċ tiuġ ataá an ṫáiṫṗeiṫeann (nó an miłġaḃaṗ) aṗ ṫaoḃ an ċlaiḋe ṗin; aġuṗ féuċ an ṗeaṫ-ġeal ḃṗeáġ. Taiṫneann ḃolaiḋṫe na ṗeiṫe ġile ṫaṗ ḃaṗṗ liom: niḃ ḃolaiḋṫe iṗ cúmṗa ná é.

How thick the honeysuckle is on the side of this fence! And see the beautiful whit.-thorn. I love the smell of the white-thorn. There is no sm ll more fragrant.

Tá ġaṗṗán ġiúmaiṗe ana ḃṗeáġ laiṗṫiaṗ ḋe'n aḃainn; aġuṗ ġaṗṗán ḋaṗaċ ana ḃaṗṫa laiṗṫuaiḋ ḋe. Deiṗeaṗ ġo mḃíoḋ na

There is a very fine fir grove to the west of the river, and a very old oak grove to the north of it. They say that Druids used to

ɒɲaoiċe a' ceaċt i bɲoċ-aiɲ a ċéile ɾa ŋgaɲɲán ɾan ɾaɒó.	meet in that grove long ago.
Tá na ɾionnaiġ (nó maɒɲaí ɲuaɒ) ɾa ɒúṫaiġ ɾeo ɾóɲ, aċ iɲ annaṁ a ċiṫeaɲ aon ɲiaɒaiɒeaċt anoiɲ; aċ maɲ ɾin féin ni bionn aon uiɲeaɲbaiɒ ɾɲóiɲṫ oɲainn, maɲ tá cúɲla ġaɒaɲ móɲa aġainn aġuɲ bimiɒ a' maɲbú' ɒoḃaɲċon leo. Aġuɲ ni ɟeaċaiɲ ɲiaṁ aċ an cat a bionn 'á ċɲoiɒ é 'n uiɲce aca. Ġeallaim ɒuiṫ náċ aon ɒóiġṫín an ɒoḃaɲċú.	The foxes are still in the district, but it is seldom a hunt is to be seen now; but, nevertheless, we have plenty of sport, for we have a pair of big dogs, and we kill otters with them. You never saw such battles as they have under the water. I assure you the otter is no contemptible foe.
Dim a' ɲiaɒaċ le ɲiṁéaɒ ḃéaġ leiɲ uaiɲeanta. Tá ɾé ġo ɾeoiġ ċun eaɲóġ aġuɲ ɟɲanncaċ a ṁaɲbuġaɒ.	I sometimes hunt with a little ferret. He is splendid for killing weasels and rats.
Siúḃail leaṫ maɲ ɾeo ɟé ḃéin an ɲiaɲca. Tá aon ṫeoɲa le n-a mbionn ɒ'éiniḃ ɲiaɒaime ann.	Come along this way towards the moor. Immense numbers of wild birds frequent the place.
ɾ ɒóċa ġo mbionn coillṫ ɟeaɒa, ceaɲca ɟɲaoiġ, aġuɲ ċɲeaḃaiɲ ġo heiɒ-ɟeamail ɾa ċoill.	I dare say the wood abounds woodcock. grouse and in pheasants,
ḃaiɲ é; aċ ɲaġmiɒ ṫaɲ ḋḃainn anoiɲ. Tá caḃaɲ ana áiɲeaċ ċiɲ annɒo; ni baoġal ġo bɲiuċɲaɲ ɲinn a' ɒul anonn ɒúinn.	So it does; but we shall cross the river now. There are very handy stepping-stones here below. Theer is no danger of getting wet as we cross.
éuċ, tá ɾcaṫa móɲ ɒɲuiɒeóġ aġ eiṫeall ó ɒeaɲ;	Look, there is a large flock of stares flying southwards.

an bpeiceann tú na pibini-mioðg — náċ meiðreamail acáid siad ?

Do you see the plovers? What a number of them are there.

Tagann lacáin fiadhe annso leis, agus biceas gá lámaċ i gċ an geimhriðh. Is annam a ġiceas naoscaig ar an mbaile so.

Wild duck come here also and they are shot during the winter. Snipe are seldom seen on this moor.

A Pháidín, an bpeiceann tú an garsún ċiotach i measg na sceach ?

Batt, do you see the lad below in the bushes?

Ní feadar cé h-é féin.

I wonder who is he?

Ceapaim gurab é Gearóidín Ó Néill atá ann agus é ag piocaðh sceaċóiri nó bréidir ar lorg neadh.

I think it is little Garret O'Neill is there, picking haws, or perhaps looking for nests.

Gladh air nó leig fead air.

Call him or whistle at him.

Seo ċugainn amach é agus é ag feadgaol; tá sé ċom meiðreach le creagar.

Here he comes whistling; he is as merry as a cricket.

Is seóig an garsún ċun caintse Gearóidín, aċ is cruag é beiṫ ċóm diomaoin; ní fearr leis rud a bionn aige 'á ðéanam ná beiṫ ag breiṫ ar meiðleacáin, nó ar leamain, nó ag cuardaċ neadh.

Little Garrett is a wonderful lad for talk, but 'tis a pity he is such an idler; nothing pleases him better than to be catching butterflies or moths or looking for nests.

Aċ is ðóċa gur fearr beiṫ diomaoin ná droċ-ghnóṫaċ.

But I dare say it is better be idle than badly employed.

Dail ó Dia ort, a Gearóidín! Agus, cad d'imtiġ ar do ċois; tá sí ag cur fola.

God bless you, Garrett! My goodness what happened your foot; 'tis bleeding.

Dealg a ċuaiḋ insti agus me ag piocaðh sceaċóiri.

A thorn got into it while I was picking haws.

Cad tá agat sa málín, a Sheáróin?

What have you got in the sack, Garrett?

Ní'l ach fód seimhe i gcóir na fuiseóige. Is gnáth liom fód do Sheárád di i n-aghaidh an lae. Tá tuam shamhlair ann leis.

It's only a clover sod for the lark, I am in the habit of cutting a sod for her every day. There is also a handful of groundsell.

An mó éan atá agat anois?

How many birds have you got now?

Fan go ndéanad iad do chómhreamh: tá lonnub, émin buidhe, piabóigín buidhe, seabhan sleóigh, smólach, fuiseóg, agus do bí spideoigín agam leis, ach do scaoileas uaim í, mar do h-innseád dom nách ádhbhar an puth bheith ar spideóig; deirtear go bhfuil naomhtacht éigin ag baint leis an émin sin agus gur ceart do gach aonne beith maith le "spideóigín Mhuire."

Wait till I count them: there is a blackbird, a yellow hammer, a gold finch, a linnet, a thrush, a lark, and I had a little rob'n also, but I let it go, for I was told that it wasn't a lucky thing to catch a robin; they say there is something holy about that little bird, and that everyone should be kind to "Mary's robin."

Sé mo chuaidhim, a Sheáróin, go mbíonn tú ceanamail ar gach aon tsaghas éin.

I believe Garrett, you are fond of every kind of bird.

Ní him i n-aon chor; is beag orm cuid acu. Ní'l aon chion agam ar an gcág mar bíonn sé ag déanam forfhaim mo-moch ar maidin i mbarra an tsimléi agus gam chimeád im dhúiseacht.

Not at all; I don't like some of them. I'm not fond of of the jackdaw because he makes such a row early in the morning in the top of the chimney, and keeps me awake.

Ní'l chion agam ach chóm beag ar an snagbheach, mar is chlos dom go

Neither am I fond of the mag-pie, for I hear there is some ill-luck associated

mbíonn mí-ádh éigin ag baint leis, go mór-mór nuair a chíteann 'na aonar é.

Connus a thaitnann an phiopóid leat?

Ceapaimse gur éan gránna mallaithe é agus is iongnadh mar a dheineann sé aithris ar pé droch-chainnt a chloiseann sé.

An airigir an chuach fós i mbliadhna, a Sheaghóinín.

D'airigheas go deimhin agus bí sé de mhaith orm i chloinn im chluais dheis; deirtear nách ádhbhar i chloinn 'sa chluais chlé.

An mbíonn na h-éin go léir ata agat ag canntam pé láthair?

Tá cuid acu ag filleadh an chúim, ach ní fada go mbeidh siad ag labhairt airir.

Cé acu (nó cioca) is fearr leat port na fuireóige nó port an smólaigh?

Is deacair liom an ceist sin d'fhreagairt.

Tá sé com maith agam a rádh "is meara liom port na fuireóige, ach is fearr liom port an smolaigh."

Ambas, a Sheaghóinín, gur sheanchuireas an saoghún tú, cé gur chor dom gur annamh ar scoil tú.

An cuimin leat gur gheallais fuireóg a thabairt dom?

with it, especially when 'tis seen alone.

How do you like the parrot?

I think he is an ugly, cross bird, and 'tis wonderful how he imitates any bad language he hears.

Have you heard the cuckoo yet this year, Garrett?

Yes, indeed, and I had the good luck to hear her in the right ear; they say it is not lucky to hear her in the left ear.

Are all your birds singing at present?

Some of them are moulting, but they will soon be singing again.

Which do you prefer, the song of the lark or the song of the thrush?

It's hard for me to answer that question.

I may as well say, "I would rather have the song of the lark, but I prefer the song of the thrush."

Faith, Garrett, you are a keen-witted lad, though I am told you rarely go to school.

Do you remember you promised me a lark.

Is cuimin go deimin, agus com maith tabharfad. Ach ni foláir foighne a beith agat mar ní'l sí ach 'na gearrcach (nó 'na fealaċán fóir).

Yes, indeed, and I'll keep my promise, but you must be patient, for it is only a nestling yet.

Is dóċa gur ab annamh a éirigeann leat breith ar fáinleóig ná ar Shiobáinín riabach.

I dare say you seldom succeed in catching a swallow or a wagtail.

Ni fiú iad do bheith oirċa ná ar gealbhan ach com beag mar ni bíonn aon phort acu.

They are not worth the catching, nor is a sparrow either, because they can't sing.

Is dóċa gur deacair neadaċa fáinleóg agus Shiobáinní riabach d'aimhriughadh.

I suppose it is hard to find the nest of swallows or wagtails?

Abair é! mar is ar chaoib na faille a bíonn siad ach de ghnáth.

Quite true, for they generally make them on the side of the cliff.

CAITEAM AIMSIRE.

Iascaireaċt.

A Thomáis, cad a bíonn agat 'á dhéanam tar éis deire a chur le h-obair an lae?

Tom, how do you occupy yourself after you have finished the day's work?

Is 'mó rud a bíonn agam 'á dhéanam; bím ag iomáint, nó ag imirt peile, nó bhéirim, ag iascaireaċt nuair a bíonn an aimsir oireamnach chuige agus aga agam air.

I occupy myself in many ways: I go hurling, or playing football, or, perhaps, I go fishing when the time is suitable, and when I have leisure for it.

An dtiocfair ag iascaig um chaċnóna; déanfa saor ó obair?

Will you come fishing this evening—I shall be free from work?

PASTIMES OR RECREATION.

Fishing.

Ni'l fiar iarraig ná fuaim agam, ach bréidir go dtabharfá ar iarácht dom iad. Do bhíreas post na fiaste inné.

I have not a fishing rod nor line, but perhaps you would lend them. I broke the wheel of the fishing rod yesterday.

Ni gádh duit aon cfiar. Tá d'fiae (dorus-ge) agamsa i d'éadh agus slinntse (slinn) maith, láidir, agus luaidh. Beidh boigte ar ndóigh agam leat; bhíor 'á baint go moch ar madin fan ngaimh.

You don't require any rod. I have a strong fishing line for you and a good strong folding frame and lead. We shall have sufficient bait also; I was digging it in the sand early this morning.

Cad é an fadar boigte a bhíonn agat?

What kind of bait do you use?

Is fearr an luig ná aon boigte mar tá fé figin. Bíonn sprúadáin agus fprutt agam uaireannta, ach boigte ró-bog ireadh iad, agus feiobann na h-éirc cun siúdail iad. Is furasta iad a bhreadh ar an dubán.

The sand-worm is better than any other bait, for it is tough. I use cockles and sprats, occasionally, but they are too soft, and the fishes carry them off with them. They are easily broken on the hook.

Do h-innseadh dom go bfuil fcoil bhreag éirc Leathuaidh de'n banc. Rachmid amach an cuan ar ball agus tógfaimid gabáil maith le cosnam Dé. Ni mór dúinn an gaffa a bheith linn mar bíonn na h-éirc ana throm ann uaireannta.

I was told that there is a fine shoal of fish on the northern side of the sand bank. We shall go out the harbour presently, and we shall catch a good quantity, please God. We ought to take the gaff with us, for the fish is sometimes very heavy there.

Is dóca gur ab annamh a bíonn tú ag iarraig fan abainn.

I dare say you seldom fish in the river.

Bhíor ag iarraig innti an lá fé deire ar feadh abfad agus nior marbuigeas ach

I was fishing in it recently for a considerable time, but I caught very little

fíor-deagán: do ċeir orm cuileóga maiṫe d' fáġail; i ndeire na dála do bhír ar an bpoiḋne agam, agus fiú sin dhaile me.

I failed to get good flies. At last I lost patience and went off home.

Beiḋ ceaṫrar fear a' teaṫt i n-aonfeaṫt linn—Liam Leaṫóige agus triúr eile; Dáṫ ré-ḋoċta iad i.

Four men will come with us—Bill Fluke and three others. It is a six-oar boat.

Agus cé h-é Liam Leaṫóige le d'ḋoil, nó an í sin leasainm aṫá air?

And who is Bill Fluke, pray, or is that a nickname he has got?

Do ḋuailis do méar air; leasainm iad i. Liam Mac Suiḃne is ainm do; fear galánta, agus is é mo ṫuairim ná fuil duine sa paróiste is treise d'fear ná é, agus sin mar ḃa ḋual do beiṫ.

You have just got it; it is a nickname. His name is William McSwiney, a decent fellow, and, in my opinion, there is not a stronger man in the parish, and so it is kind for him to be.

Ar airiġis riam sean-aṫáir—Feiḋlim Mac Suiḃne?

Have you ever heard of his grandfather—Phelim Mc Swiney?

"Feiḋlim ag fuinneaċ, fad-airneaċ, finneaċ, an deiġ-mic ċeana, de ċeart-ċlainn a' tSuiḃniġ, fáir an bpanair do ḋeargaḋ ó'n iodhlar nó an fsáca a ċaiteam go barra gan pice."

"Phelim of large means, of large and generous heart, who loved the dance, the worthy beloved son of the true McSwiney clan, the man who could dig the fallow field from the very bottom, and who, when making the stack, required no pike, but could fling the sheaves even to the top."

Is dóċa gur bean ċaointe a ċum an dán deas san. Nuair a bíd siad ag aiceis deiġ-ṫréiċe na mairḃ is béas leo iad a molaḋ

I dare say it was a "keening" woman that composed that pretty poem. When relating the good qualities of the dead they

go h-ard. Ac mar sin féin ceapann na daoine mar 'á mungine ac an fírinne glan i dtaobh Feirdirne. Mar bí ainm na féile agus na gairce air.

have the habit of bestowing extravagant praise on them. However, I think she was only speaking the exact truth about Phelim, for his generosity and feats of strength were well known.

Seo, seo, bímis a' gluaiseacht; tá na buachaillí a'feitheamh linn ar an dtrá. Bíodh an tráthnóna go breágh ciúin, rúnáilteach le congnamh Dé; ach fan ám féachaint na marbhaí gaoithe úd faoi liom.

Come, come, let us be going, the boys are waiting for us on the strand. The evening will be fine and calm and pleasant, please God; but at the same time I don't like those dark storm clouds to the east.

Is dóca gur lionta a bíonn ag foghnom na n-iascaireadh. Is clos dom go mbíonn sé 'n-a gcleachtadh acu mine de'n tsaithe. Nach cruaigh fan. Mar bailigeann sé iad féin an mion-iasc agus an caoirac agus scuabann sé leis iad faoi scóir na meigeall a bheit com beag fan ann.

I suppose it is nets most of the fishermen have. I am told they frequently use the seine (for sweed net). Isn't that a pity, for it gathers in the young fish and the spawn, and sweeps them off with it, because of the meshes being so small.

Tá an ceart agat, agus sin é mar gheall air nach iasc a bheit com gann sin na cuantaibh.

You are quite right, and that explains why there is such a scarcity of fish in the harbours.

An bhfeiceann tú an dá bád acá lasmuigh de'n choill? Tá an rud fan a' spuiléireacht, agus níl aon chreó ar a marbhaigh siad d'iasc. Tá spuiléar agam féin leis agus is fearr i bhfad é ná an lion cun éisc a mharbhadh.

Do you see the two boats outside the wood? They are "spiller" fishing, and it is wonderful what a quantity of fish they catch. I myself have a "spiller," and it is far better than the net for killing fish.

A Cormaic, ní foláir dhoichuigeadh orainn tá an lá ag fleamhnú uainn.

Cormac, we must make haste: the day is slipping from us.

Do chuaigh cuireadh do Sheán Ua Coileáin agus d'á gharsún, Colm, teacht i n-éineacht linn.

I invited John Collins and his boy, Colm, to come with us.

Seo chuigainn anoir iad!

Here they come!

Tá na buachaillí eile ag feitheamh linn ar an dtráigh agus beidh cabhair ar ndóigh againn chun an báid a fháthadh fior.

The other boys are waiting for us on the strand, and we shall have help enough to shove down the boat.

Is eagal liom, a Thaidhg, nach bó-bhog an obair i do chur ar fhám agus a éadtromaicht atá an t-uirghe agus a boighe atá an fliuch.

I'm afraid, Tim, 'tisn't an easy job to get her afloat considering how shallow the water is and how soft the slob is.

An amhlaidh atá eagla ort go faileochfar do bhróga?

Is it how you are afraid that your boots will get soiled?

Anoir, a buachaillí, fáthmhir go léir le chéile!

Now, boys, let us shove together.

Tá fan go dianmhaith; tá fi ar fhám againn.

That's splendid; we have got her afloat.

Tá súil agam go mbeidh an tráthnona go breagh ciúin agus ná beidh na tonntacha pé árd mar ní pháirt an máirnéalach me.

I hope the evening will be fine and calm, and that the waves won't be too high, for I am not much of a sailor.

Tagann breothcheacht fairrge orm nuair a bhionn an bád 'á chuachadh agus 'na cheanntaibh fan bhionn iarracht d'eagla orm roimh na tonntaibh.

I get sea-sick from the tossing of the boat, and besides I get rather afraid of the waves.

Ní gádh duit aon eagla a bheith ort, a Cholum, mar nil bád ar an bhfairrge is lugha beann ar stuaim ná i.

There's no need to be afraid, Colm, for there's not a boat on the sea that cares less for a storm than she does.

Tá aoinne iad na tonntaca ir eaó ir fearr a gluaireann rí; cé go bfuil báid maithe ag dul amach an cuan níl aon bheic ag aon ceann aca uirce-feo.

I suppose we have everything ready now.

Ir dóca go bfuil gach aon nid ollamh againn anoir.

The oars are all in the boat; the thole pins are in the row-locks; the anchor is up on the prow, and the fishing lines and frames are in the boat, and our oarsmen are the very best.

Tá na maidirnaca go léir sa báid; tá na dollaí in sna bachaill; tá an t-ancaire cuar sa bic, tá na praeca agus na glinnidi sa báid agus tá na fáirrigthe ar feabhar againn.

I don't think we are short of anything.

Ní dóigh liom go bfuil aon nid i n-earnamh oirnn.

Captain, I don't see the helm.

A Chaptaéin, ní feicim an stiúir.

Bless my soul, Cormac, I nearly forgot it, and what a dreadful piece of forgetfulness; the captain forgetting the helm would be just as bad as the clerk of the church forgetting to ring the bell.

Dia leat' anam a Chormaic, ba dhóbair go ndearnadsainn i agus cad é mar dhearmad; níor mheasa dearmad an chleirigh ar an gcloig na dearmad an chaptaéin ar an stiúir.

Colm, my boy, go in all haste up to the house; you will get the helm in the kitchen, and bring it down.

A Cholaim, a gharúin, imthigh leat go deagair suas go dti an tigh; geobair an stiúir sa chirtin agus tabair leat anuas i.

Dermot, you take the front thwart, and you, Tim, the bow seat.

A Diarmuid, bíodh an tochta toraigh agatsa. agus a Taidhg, bíodh an béal cuile agatsa.

Peter, you may as well take the mast thwart.

A Pheadair, tá sé chom maith agatsa tochta an chrainn do thogaint.

A Déaglám, fuirpe ar
tócta an tobair, agus a
Dómnaill, bíod an tócta
deiriú agatsa.

Declan, you sit on the well thwart, and Dan, you take the back thwart.

A Cholum, tairpe fiar annso
go dtí an fiota agus fan
go deas, focair ann agus
ná fuid ar an ngunnail.

Colm, you come back here to the stern-sheets, and keep nice and quiet there, and don't sit on the gunwale.

Má bíonn sí ag leigint an
uisge isteach tá sárpan
annso agat agus féad-
fair i dtarcaó.

If she lets the water in, you have a saucepan here, and you can bail her.

Amach léi, anois, i n-ainm
Dé! agus iompaidís le
chéile!

Out with her now, in God's name, and row together.

Cúl, a Thaidg, cúlaig go
léir! mar cím dáo ar ár
n-agaid amach.

Back water, Tim; back water all of you! for I see a boat right in front of us

Aimiú, ní'l aon dáo ann, a
Chaptaéin; Dia lem' anam!
táimid ar an éadtromán
mara agat.

My goodness, there's no boat there, captain; bless my soul, you have got us on the buoy.

Cad é mar mhillead sad-
airc a sad ná h-aitheoc-
tá dáo agus éadtromán
mara dar a chéile.

What defective sight you must have that you could not distinguish a boat from a buoy.

Cirt do béal, a Thaidg, ní
daoghal duinn.

Hold your tongue, Tim, there's no fear of us.

Féach an dáo ag teacht fé'n
ár noéin agus an lucht
mór thurtair atá innti!
tá sí lán ó stoimne go
dorta.

Look at the boat coming towards us, and the big cargo of oar-weed she has got; she is full from stem to stern.

Cad iad na fuidi sin lar-
muig dinn atá ar fhám
ar úcht an uisce? Is dóca
go bfuil eangach éigin san
áit sin.

What are these things outside of us that are floating on the surface of the water? I dare say there is a net of some kind in that place.

'Sé mo čuaiṗim ʒo bṗuil eanʒaċ ṙeaḋán ann aʒuṙ 'ṙiaḋ ṗin na ṗucáin aṫá ceanʒailṫe leiṗ.

I fancy there is a herring net there, and those are the floats that are attached to it.

Seaċain, a ċaṗṫaéim, tá caṗṗaiʒ báiṫṫe aṗ do láim ḋeiṗ, aʒuṙ ní ḋóiʒ liom ʒo bṗuil oṁeaḋ aʒuṙ leaṫ ṗeaḋ uiṗce oṗ a cionn.

Take care, captain, there is a hidden rock to your right, and I don't think there is even half a fathom of water over it.

A Ċonċaḃaiṗ, an ċuiṁin leaṫ an oíḋċe úḋ anuiṗṫ a bíomaṗ aʒ ṫaṗcaiṗeaċṫ-ṫamaillin ṫaṗmuiċ ḋeiṗ na baiṗilli aʒuṙ an banc móṗ éiṙʒ a bí ann. Do leanamaiṗ 'á nʒaḃáil aḃṗaḋ amaċ ṗan oíḋċe ʒo ḋṫí ʒo ṗaiḃ an báḋ beaʒ náċ lán ʒo ṙṫṗaċa aʒainn.

Con, do you remember that night last year when we went fishing a little distance outside the Barrels, and the big shoal of fish that was there? We kept catching them late into the night until the the boat was almost full as far as the top plank.

Do ʒabamaiṗ a lán colamoiṗi, puillóʒ, lonʒai ḋeaṗʒán, ṫṗóṗc aʒuṙ coḋóʒ, aʒuṙ do ṁaṙḃuiʒmaiṗ ṗoiṁṫ eaṙconmaṙa.

We caught a great quantity of hake, pollock, ling, bream, cod and haddock, and we also killed some conger eels.

Tá mo ċuiṁne ʒlan aiṗ. Náṙḃ i ṗiaḋ an oíḋċe ʒuṙ ċuiṫ an ṫionóiṗċe amaċ ḋo Ṗáḋṙaiʒ Ṫaiḋʒ aʒ ḋul abaile ḋó aʒuṙ a ciṗeán lán ḋ'iaṙc aṗ a ḋṗuim aiʒe.

I remember it distinctly. Wasn't that the night that the accident occurred to Paddy Tim, on his way home with his pannier full of fish on his back?

Is maiṫ is cuiṁin liom ʒo mḃíoḋ an ḟeaṙ ḃoċt na ṙṫáiṫin áiḋḃéiṙ aʒ na ċómaṫṙaiḃ ʒo ceann aḃṙaḋ 'na ḋiaiḋ ṙan.

I remember well that the poor man was a laughing stock amongst the neighbours for a long time afterwards.

Ḋi eaṙcú móṙ aʒuṙ ḋeaṙʒán ṙa ciṗeán i ḃṫeanʒa a ċéiṫe aiʒe; ḋo ċeap ṗé

He had a large conger eel and bream together in the pannier; he thought

Go raib an earcú marb mar do cuir ré an gaca tríci roim i carrac irteac rá dáo. Bi ré ag gabáil an bóthar fé déin a tige agur é lán trárta leir féin agur leir an ngabáil breag éirc a bi aige, nio nár b' iongnaó; nuair a tóg an earcú a ceann agur rug rí greim ar cul-cinn ar Páidraig; a leitéid de geit nior baineadh a' daonaibe riam; do cuir an cireán agur a raib ann ar an mbóthar agur ba pó bóbair go dtuitfeadh an t-anam cur teit ar an bfear boct.

the eel was dead, for he put the gaff through her before he hauled her into the boat. He was going along the road towards his own house, quite delighted with himself and with his fine take of fish and no wonder; when the conger lifted her head and caught Paddy by the poll; never did human being get a greater fright; the pannier and its contents fell on the road, and the poor man himself nearly dropped dead on the spot.

D'aireóctá mile ó baile é a' béicig. Nuair a cáinig ré cuige féin ni baogal ná gur marb ré báiriúb an earcú-mara.

You could hear him roaring a mile off. When he recovered himself you may rest assured that he really killed the conger.

Bádóireact agur Seóltóireact.

Boating and Sailing.

A Seáin, ar mait leat gabáil bádóireacta a beit' agat um trátnóna? Beirid triúr nó ceatrar eapad dom ag teact i n-éinfeact liom.

John, would you like to have some boating this evening? Three or four friends of mine will come with me.

Ni béarrainn 'na coinnib mar tá aga agam air indiu; ac nác dóig leat go bfuil an lá po bagartac pó fiadain?

I would have no objection as I have some leisure today; but don't you think the day is too threatening, too wild?

Ni ɣáð ðuit aon eaɣla a ðeit ort mar ní'l aon ðroċɓuaðar fé'n aimsir cé ɣo ðɓuil an ɣaoċ aɣ féiðeað ɣo h-árd.

You needn't be in the least afraid, for although there is a high wind blowing, there is nothing bad about the appearance of the weather.

Tá sí anoir anðeas aɣainn anoir aɣus is cuimin liom ɣo ɓfeaca boɣaleac fé'n ɾséir ɣo moċ ar maiðin, aɣus náċ olc an cómarta ar an aimsir boɣaleac maiðne?

The wind is south-east now, and I remember I saw a rainbow in the heavens early this morning, and isn't a rainbow in the morning a sign of bad weather?

Ná bac é sin. ɣeallaim ðuit ɣo mbeið ana lá ar ɾad aɣainn.

Don't mind that; I promise you that we shall have a splendid day.

Saṁluiɣim ɣo ɓfuil an ɣaoċ aɣ aiɾsiuɣað ó ðuaið aɣus ɣo mbeið an tráċnóna ɣo ɓfeaɣ ciuin, ɾuðáilceaċ.

I fancy the wind is changing to the north, and that the evening will be fine and calm and pleasant.

D'iarɾar ar Cáitín ɾeo aɣainne teaċt i n-éinfeaċt linn aɣus ní feaðar cað ta 'á cimeað? tá sí ið ɣo leir annɾo aċ i féin.

I asked our Kitty to come with us, and I wonder what is keeping her; she is the only one now that is not here.

Seo ċuɣainn í; cað na ðaob ɾan anaċain ná ɓfoɾtuiɣeann tú ort, a ċoicín!

Here she comes; why in the mischief don't you hurry on, you hussy!

Aiṁú, ðiabh ɾoiðne aɣat, a ðaid! náċ ort atá an ɾoċaraɣað!

My goodness, have patience, dad! What a fuss you are in!

Is ðóċa ɣur ɓfeaɾɾ lib ɣfeaɾ ɾeólċóiɾeaċta ná ɣfeaɾ ɾáṁaiðeaċta.

I dare say you would prefer some sailing to rowing.

Tá an crann aɣus an ɾeól ar ɾeabar aɣam aɣus lar-

I have got a splendid mast and sail, and there is good

tá maiṫ inṫi aguṡ níl feaṡ aṁ m'aiṫne iṡ feaṡṡ de ċaṗtaen ná Muiṡiṡ annṡo.

ballast in her, and I don't know a better captain than Maurice here.

Cṡann leaṁóiġe atá inṫi aguṡ 'ṡé mo ċuaiṁim ġuṡ feaṡṡ é ná cṡann feaṡna.

It is a larch mast she has got, and I consider it better than an elder mast.

An taca ṡo bliaḋna anuiṡṫ bí beiṡt ċoláiṡteánaċ aguṡ mé féin i mBaile-Ḃunán aguṡ ní ḋóiġ liom ġo raḃmaiṡ 'n-a leiṫéiḋ de ċontaḃaiṡt riam; ṫáiniġ ṡtoiṁ uaṫḃáraċ anḋeaṡ oṡṡainn aguṡ ḋo ċeapamaiṡ i n-aġaiḋ 'n-neómaṫ ġo mḃṡiṡṡfiḋe an cṡann aguṡ iṡ ḋóċa ġo mḃṡiṡṡfiḋe leiṡ aċ an mianaċ a ḃeiṫ ċom maiṫ ann.

This time last year there were two collegians and myself at Ballybunion, and I don't think we were ever in such danger; we were caught in a Fear ful storm from the south and we thought every moment that the mast would be broken, and I dare say that it would have been broken only that it was such good stuff.

Ḃa móṡ an ionġnaḋ náṡ ionnṫuiġeaḋ an báḋ aṡ a ḃéal aguṡ iṡ ḋóċa ġo n-ionnṫóċfiḋe maṡa mḃéaḋ a ḋoiṁne a ḃí an cile fúiṫi aguṡ an ġṡeim ḋo puġ ṡé aṡ an uiṡġe; aguṡ ḋo ḃ'é ṡaċ an ṡġéil é, ḃí an ċaṗtaen aṡ feaḃaṡ aġainn; maṡa mḃéaḋ ṡan, ḃiomaṡ báiḋṡe.

It was amazing that the boat was not capsized, and no doubt she would have been capsized were it not that her keel was so deep, and had such a firm grip of the water; and the best of it all was our skipper was the very best; only for that we would have been lost.

Ḃa ṁaiṫ an ḃaile oṡṡainn báḋ ġaile a ṫeaċċ 'náṡ ṫeṡeó ċun ṡinn a ṫaṡṡaċ iṡṫeaċ na ṫiaiḋ; maṡa mḃeaḋ an ċabaiṡ ṡin béaḋ ṡé ṡuaṡ aġainn ḃeiṫ a ḋ'iaṡṡaiḋ ḋul i ḋṫiṡ.

It was well for us that a steamboat came our way to tow us in; were it not for that assistance it would have been in vain for us to try to land.

Tá an bád annsó i n-aice an cé; iṫeaḋ lib anoiṙ, a ḃuaċaillí; iṙ eagal liom go mbeiṫ an ġaoṫ ag ḋul i n-éuġ oṙṙainn, maṙ tá ṙí ag aiṫṫṫuġaḋ aiṙiṙ, tá ṙí ag ṙéiḋeaḋ aniaṙ aṫ-ṫuaiṫ.

Now Maurice, we are all aboard, and we shall be soon in full sail.

Anoiṙ, a Mhuiṙiṙ, táimiḋ go léiṙ aṙ bóṙd agus iṙ ġeáṙṙ go mbeimiḋ ṙé lán ṫreóil.

We shall be able to have a swim a little later on when we get outside the point of the wood; there is a nice sandy cove to the west of the wood, and we can anchor and go for a swim.

Ṙéaḋṙaimiḋ ḋul ag ṙnám aṙ ḃall nuaiṙ a ḃeimiḋ iaṙmuiċ ḋe ṙoinnṫe na coille; tá cuaṙ ḋeaṙ cóṅ-ṡaimhe laiṫṫiaṙ ḋe'n ċoill agus ṙéaḋṙaimiḋ an ṫ-ancaiṙe ḋo ċuṙ amaċ agus ḋul a' ṙnám.

I regret that I cannot swim, but I suppose I can go bathing if the water is shallow enough.

Iṙ oṫ liomṙa ná ṙuilim i n-ann ṙnám, aċ iṙ ḋóċa go bṙéaḋṙaḋ ḋul a' ṫomaḋ má tá an ṫ-uiṙge éaḋṫṙom a ḋoiċim.

Maurice is a good swimmer, and he will show you how to swim; he will support your chin.

Snámaiḋe maiṫ iṙ eaḋ Muiṙiṙ agus múinṙiḋ ṙé ḋuiṫ connuṙ iṙ ceaṙt ṙnám a ṫéanaṁ; ṫaḃaṙṙaiḋ ṙé ṙnám ġéillin ḋuiṫ.

Look, they are going out towards Horse Rock fishing. Are not those fine, vigorous men who are in the boat next to us?

Ṙéuṫ, táṫaṙ a' ḋul amaċ ṙé ṫéin Ċaṙṙaiġ' a' Ċaṙaill ag iaṙṫaiṙeaċt. Náċ bṙeáġ lúṫmaṙ na ṙiṙ aṫá ṙa ḃád ṙan iṙ ġiorṙa ḋúinn.

She has got an excellent crew, and they are rowing splendidly.

Tá an ṙoiṙeann aṙ ṙeaḋaṙ innṫi agus táiṫ ṙiaḋ ag iomṙáṁ go ṙeoiġ.

Nár deas a feuċann na tiġte aoluġa larṫuaiṫ de'n ċladaċ—na tiġte atá ruiṫe go deas ar an deiṫeaḃar ar leacain an ċnuic; ní feadar cé leis an tig gleoite ag lúiḃ an ḃóṫair go ḃruil an fál ḃreaġ fuġiṁlin ar a aġaiḋ amaċ?

Is dóiġ liom gurab é sin tig Diarmuda Mhicil Labṫáir. Is iongnaċ an fear é. Ni fstadann sé aċ ag obair agus a' slaċtuġaḋ; agus tá a sian air; tá áiṫreaṁ áluinn agus aċfuinn go leór aige. Duḃ maiṫ an rséul dá mbéaḋ na feirmeóiri go léir cóṁ h-imġniomaċ leis.

Ni dóiġ liom go ḃfeaca an fuġiṁlin ná an crannla cóṁ flúiṫreaċ i n-aon ḃall riaṁ is táid riaḋ annso. Cad é mar fáil ḃreaġta!

Fáraid riaḋ go feoiġ le h-air na farraige.

Féuċ na coiṁliúin agus na corra go léir agus an seaġa mór. An ḃruil an ġunna agat, a Seáin?

Tá, a Cáitin, aċ ni féiṫiṁḋom aon ċeann aca a lámaċ, mar nilid laiṫriġ de raon uṫċair. Ni fu-

How nice the whitewashed houses north of the beach look—the houses that are nicely situated facing the sun on the hillside. I wonder whose is the lovely house at the bend of the road with the fine fuchsia hedge in front of it?

I think that is Jerry Michael Larry's house. He is a wonderful man. He never ceases working and putting things in order; and, as a result, he has a beautiful place and considerable means. It would be well if all farmers were as diligent as he is.

I don't think I ever saw the fuchsia or privet so abundant anywhere as they are here. What beautiful hedges!

They grow wonderfully beside the sea.

See the curlews and the storks and the big cormorant. Have you the gun, John?

Yes, Kitty, but I cannot shoot any of them, for they are not within range We must have patience

láir foirne a beit againn go fóill. Seaolfead uirear leir an briaé fargaige ar ball.

for a while. I shall fire a shot at the cormorant presently.

A buaċaillí, tá an gaoċ ag aistriú' aiṁsir. Bi fí 'nár n-diaiḋ ó ċiaṁiḃ aċ tá fí beag náċ nár gcoṁnuḃ anoir; ní fuláir dom bóṫḋáil.

Boys, the wind is changing again. It was with us a while ago, but now it is almost against us; I must tack.

Seáċain, a ċaṗtaen, nó ir gcarr go mbeiṫóiṁíḋ fáiṫte ra flab agat, nil fead uirce fé'n mbáḋ.

Take care, captain, or you will soon have us stuck in the slob. There is not a fathom of water under the boat.

Níor ṫuigar fé ndeara a éadṫromaċt a bi ant uirce. Tá an maḋarc a' meaṫluġaḋ orm.

I did not notice how shallow the water was. My sight is failing.

Ir eagal liom go bfuil bfiaṫ a' teaċt ar mo fúilib, agus gur gcarr go mbéaḋ ċóṁ caoċ le leiṫbin leaċair.

I am afraid I am getting cataracts, and that I shall soon be as blind as a bat.

Béiḋ mé a' bóṫḋuġaḋ anoir, feaċaiṁiḋ riḃ féin ar an feóil.

I shall be "putting about ship" now; mind the sail.

Tá ant uirce doiṁin againn aiṁsir. Ni dóig liom go bfuil an ċanáil a bfad uainn aċ ir fearra dúinn fanmaint ramaillín amaċ uaiċi mar tá an tuile pó láiṫir.

We have got the deep water again. I don't think the channel is far from us, but we had better keep a little distance outside it, as the flood is very strong.

Aiṁiú, a Cáiṫin, cad d'imṫig ar do muinéil-e. tá ré go léir smeaṁċa le carra agat. Cad na caoḃ nár fanair rocair mar atuḃ-

My goodness, Kitty, what happened your sleeve; you have got it all daubed with tar? Why did you not remain quite as you

ꝑad leaṫ agus gan beiṫ a' cimilṫe do láim' le ṫaob an báid?

were told and not be rubbing your hand to the side of the boat?

Ni h-éin nid é ꝑin. Féudꝑad é niġe amáiṗeaċ. Féuċ, a ṫáid, ṫá an báṫ a' leiġinṫ an uiṗce iṗteaċ. Ni ꝑuláiṁ nó ṫá an ṫallán aṁ boġaḋ ꝑa ꝑṁaill.

That is nothing, I can wash it to-morrow. See, dad, the boat is leaking. The plug must be loose in the hole.

Dṗéidiṁ ġur ṫuꝑa ṗé ndeáṁ é ꝑin. Dá mb'áil leaṫ gan beiṫ a' baint leiṁ an ṫallán, ni beaḋ an ṫobaṁ lán d'uiṗce aġainn. Tá-ntú aṁ an ġcailin is ċoṁṗáilṫe d'á bṗuil amuiġ.

Perhaps you are the cause of it. If you only kept from fiddling with the plug we would not have the well full of water. You are the most mischievous girl that can be found.

Sin maṁ a bionn an ꝑġéal i ġcómnuiḋe; ṗé ṫubaiṗṫe a ċuiṫeann amaċ, is oiṁṗa a bionn a milleán.

It is always like that; whatever mischance occurs I am blamed for it.

Tiompuiġ do ṫeóṁa, a Cáiṫin a ċṗoiḋe, ṫabaṁṗaḋṁa ṗoinnṫ aiṁġid ṁeaṫa ṫuit aṁ ṫul abaile ṫúinn.

Dry, your tears, Kitty, my pet; I will give you some pocket money when we get home.

Ni ṫóċa, a Muiṁiṁ, go bṗeiceaṁ mioṫmóṁ ná ċṁaoṁaiṁe go deó inn an ċuan ṁo.

I dare say a whale or a shark is never seen in this harbour?

Do h-innseaḋ ḋom go bṗeaċaċaṁ mioṫ-móṁ annṁo, ṫá dá bliaḋain ó ṁoin ann.

I was told that a whale was seen here two years ago.

Di Seamuiṁin na ġceaṁe agus Dáiṫin Bṗiġde aṁ iaṁġaiṁeaċt lá agus do ċonnaċaḋaṁ mioṫ-móṁ nó oiliṁneaṁ éiġin ġá leaṁaṁaint ṫaṁ leo féin agus aṁ ṁéaḋġail uiṁe ṁiċe ċṁoiġ i n-áiṁde.

Jimmy the hens and Davy Brigid were fishing one day, and they saw a whale or some sea monster following them, as they thought themselves, and spouting water 20 feet high.

Agus, a Mhuiris, ar tug sé foga fúta?

Níor tug, cé go raib sé á leanamhaint tamall maith; d'iompuig sé ó thuaid uata gan baint leo.

D'aigéar ná tugann an miol-mór foga sé aon tairgairí acé gan cur isteach a déanamh air; acé ní mar sin don éagcaoraire an claidhaire.

Nách dóig leat, a Dómhaill, go bfuil banc punnach annsúd thiar.

Ní déarfainn ná go bfuil an ceart agat, agus is iad atá go meódhreamail ann leis.

Féach amach, a daid, tá rud éigin ag cur a chinn i n-áirde ar an uisge; bfédir gur pón atá ann.

Ní h-eadh i n-aon chor acé muc mara mar ní tagann na póince chóm gairid do'n tír.

Anois, a Dómhaill, ó 'r maith an fár amhrán a gabhail tu, ba maith linn amhrán a chloisint uait ag filleadh abaile dúinn.

Is breágh beith ag éisteacht le h-amhrán binn ar an bhfairrge.

Tabair duinn amhrán gaoithiunne le d'fhoil. "Eibhlín a Rún" nó "Seán Ua Duibir an Gleanna" nó "Cill Chais."

And, Maurice, did he attack them?

No; though he kept following them a good while, he turned away to the north from them without interfering with them.

I heard that a whale never attacks fishermen provided they don't interfere with him; but such is not the case with the shark, the villain.

Don't you think, Dan, that there is a shoal of mackerel there to the west

You are probably right, and they are also very plentiful there.

Lood out, daddy, there is something putting its head out of the water; perhaps it is a seal?

Not at all but a porpoise, for the seals do not come so near the land.

Now, Dan, that you are a good hand at singing, we'd like to hear a song from you on our way home.

It's nice to hear a sweet song on the sea.

Give us an Irish song, please. "Eileen Aroon" or "John O'Dwyer of the Glen" or "Cill Cosh."

Dfeidir tá n-airigead na conftáblaidte finn go mbéad dtoc-amhar aca orfainn láithreach bonn agus go gceapfaidir go faid feall éigin ar láimh againn nó uifge fé talám agamn 'á déanamh i gcoinnib na h-Impireachta.

Perhaps if the police heard us they might suspect us at once, and they might imagine that we were engaged in some treason or underhand plotting against the Empire.

Dféidir go mbéidir ar ár dtóir ag dul i dtír dúinn agus cá bfior dúinn cad i an chuid a béarfad finn d'á dheaghaid.

Perhaps they might be in pursuit of us on our landing, and how do we know what might happen us in consequence?

Airiú, a Dómnaill, ná bi ag magad fút féin. tá ciall ag conftáblaidte na duithche feo; torhuig anoir.

My goodness, Dan, don't be making a fool of yourself; the police of this district have sense; begin now.

Tá fan go h-áluinn, do dheinir an ghnó ar áilneacht na cruinne.

That is beautiful; you have acquitted yourself magnificently.

Is fuaire. aoibinn, beit ag éirteacht le h-amhán bheag Gaodluinne agus amhránaide maith 'á gabáil; 'fé buad an binnir é.

To listen to a fine Irish song sung by a good singer is a real joy and delight; it is the very triumph of melody.

Anoir, a buachaillí, táimid i dtír airir. Diod foitone agat, a Cáitín, a laoig, feachain agus ná léim' amach; fan go gcuirfar an fear amach duit.

Now, boys, we are on land again. Be patient, Kitty my dear; take care and don't jump out; wait till we put out the plank for you.

Ní foláir dúinn i tarrac tamaillín maith fuar ar an dtrágh mar tá an fabarfa againn fé láthair; cuirimir na fparrai fúthi, mar fin ir uraidhe i tarrac fuar.

We must haul her up a good distance on the strand, for we have spring tides at present; let us get the spars under her; in that way it is easier to haul her up.

Ní furáir nó tá ocrar orrraib, a buacaillí. Tagaid go léir fuar go dtí an tig. Beid fáilte agus fiche aici féin romaib.

You must be hungry, boys, Come along, all of you. up to the house. The woman of the house (lit. herself) will have a hearty welcome for you.

Cleara Lúit, Báine.

Athletics, Hurling.

A Éamuinn, ir clor dom go mbeid báine comórtais i bpáirc na Sleaite um thráthnóna, agus go mbeid ana cluiche ar fad ann.

Ned, I am told there will be a competition hurling match in the Brookfield in the evening, and that the match will be very good.

Cé h-iad a beid ag imirt, a Taidg?

Who will be playing, Tim?

Beid buacaillí na Croire agus buacaillí na Carraige agus tá an tá foirfeann ar feadar an domain. Ní feacair riam ac a oireamnaige atáid riad d'á céile.

The boys of the Cross and the boys of the Rock, and the two teams are excellent. You never saw teams better matched than they are.

Tá go maic; mar ir coil leat, a Taidg; béad faor tréir mo dinnéir. Ó tá ag a gáinn air ní feappa dúinn rud a déanfaimid ná dul a' féuchaint orra.

All right; just as you please, Tim; I shall be free after dinner. As we have leisure, it is as good a thing as we can do, to go and see them.

Tá buacaillí na Croire beagáinin níor sine, agus bréitir níor treire ná foirfeann na Carraige, ac mar sin féin tá buacaillí na Carraige ana lúthmar, ana cadaid, agus ir clor dom go bfuilid oilte go maic ar cleasaib lúit.

The boys of the Cross are a little older, and perhaps stronger the Rock boys: but still the boys of the Rock are very active and swift, and I am told they are well trained in athletics.

D'réir gach dealraimh beidh spórt maith againn inniu mar tá an camánaideacht ar an gcluiche is breagtha d'á bhfuil le feircint.

In all probability we shall have good sport to-day, for hurling is the finest game that can be seen.

Féadfimid ant anaḋ a' gaḃáil le h-ais na coille; tá comhgar mór ann.

We can go the pathway beside the wood; it is a great short cut.

Is mithid dúinn beith a' cur dínn, mar is gearr go mbeidh an báire ar siubhal. Tá na daoine a' bailliú' isteach go tiuch ceana féin.

It is time for us to be going, for the match will soon begin. The people are gathering quickly already.

Tá súil agam ná h-éireoċaidh aon aighneas ná bhuaiġeann eadarta.

I hope there will be no disturbance or quarrelling between them.

Ní baogal go n-éireoċaidh mar tá deire leis an óláċán.

There is not the least fear of that, for there is no longer any drinking.

Is fada ná feaca aoinne ar meisce sa pharóiste.

It is a long time since I saw any one intoxicated in the parish.

Níor mhar sin dóibh fiche bliadhan, ní h-eadh ach deich mbliadhna ó shoin.

Such was not the case twenty years or even ten years ago.

Agus cad is mó fé ndeara an t-athruġadh mór san?

And what is that great change chiefly attributed to?

Ní fhiafr'ach d'admháil go bhfuil ana obair 'á déanam ag Connradh Luċt' Sgaoilte ó'n Ól, ach tá connradh eile ann, Connradh na Gaeḋilge, agus ó cuireadh ar bun é timpal le cúig bliadhna is fiche ó shoin, táim 'á faḋairt fé ndeara go bhfuil ant aor óg ag iompáil i gceannuibh an óil.

It must be admitted that the Temperance League is doing excellent work, but there is another League—the Gaelic League—and since it was established about twenty-five years ago, I have been noticing that the young people are turning against drink.

Tá an ceart agat. Daoine creidéamhnacha deighdéarcacha iread na daoine a baineann le Connradh na Gaedhilge; agus fuid eile de, tá ant ól ana daor, ana gann anoir. Sin aon mhaitheas amháin, de'n Chiunn é, a táinig ar an gcogadh: "Is olc an gaoth ná féideann do dhuine éigin." Tá a cion féin déanta ag Laoide Seoirse Cun na nDaoine a Corc ó'n ól.

You are quite right. Those who belong to the Gaelic League are respectable and exemplary, and besides drink is very expensive and very scarce now. That is one good thing, at all events, that has resulted from the war. "It is a bad wind that does not blow good to somebody." Lloyd George has done his own part to prevent the people from drinking.

Deimhid ra dháire i gcionn ceathramha uaire a chloig anoir. An airigeann tú corracughadh na gcolúr ra coill 'nár n-aice? Tá na colúir choille ana feidhreamhail ar fad annro.

We shall be in the field in a quarter of an hour's time now. Do you hear the cooing of the pigeons in the wood beside us? The wood-pigeons are exceedingly plentiful here

Féuch, a Taidhg, na luibeanna go léir—na biolair, ant airgead-luachra, ant athair-talman (nó lus na fola); agus ni dóig liom go bfeaca an mumheas cóm flúirseach i n-aon ball ir tá fé annro.

See, Tim, all the plants (or herbs)—the water-cresses, the meadow-sweet, the yarrow (or milfoil), and I don't think I saw the hemlock so abundant anywhere as it is here.

Ir 'mó leighear atá i gcuid der na luibeannaibh rin, cuir i gcás ant athair-talman agus an fáirre; agus tá nim go leór i gcuid aca leir. Féuch ant eidheán-talman; nach iongnadh map a leathann fé é féin mór timpeal ar na plannaibh.

There are many cures in some of those plants—for instance, the yarrow and the sage; and there is poison in abundance in some of them also. See the convolvulous, how wonderfully it spreads around the plants.

Táimíd ag an bpáirc anoir, agus cad é mar ċruinniugad ; féach na cailíní agus na buaċaillí go léir mór-ċimpall na páirce agus ir iad atá go foilbir agus go deaġ-éadaiġ.

We are at the field now, and what a gathering ; see all the boys and girls around the field, and it is they are bright and gay and well dressed.

Ní foláir nó tá ana-ſuim aca 'á ċur ra ċluiċe.

They must take a great interest in he match.

Tá cuid aca ag bſaċ air go mbéarſaid buaċaillí na Croiſe buaid agus cuid aca ag bſaċ air go mbeiḋ buaid ag buaċaillí na Carraiġe.

Some are hoping that the boys of the Cross will win and others hoping that the boys of the Rock will be victorious.

Féach ! táċar ag toſnuġad anoir ; ſeo amaċ ċuġainn an dá buiḋin.

See ! they are commencing now ; here comes the two teams.

Seán Ó h-Aoḋ atá 'na moltóir aca, agus ni baoġal go ndéanfaid Seán éagcóir ar aon taoḃ.

I see they have John O'Hea as referee and there is no fear that John will do an injustice to either side.

'Sé Aindſias Síle atá 'na ċúl-báire ag buiḋin na Carraiġe agus Taḋg Mícil 'na ċúl-báire ag an mbuiḋin eile.

Andy Julia is the goal-keeper for the Rock team and Tim Mickey is the goal-keeper for the other team.

Siúd anáirde an liaċróid anoir !

Up with the ball now !

A Ċiarcair ! náċ ċuig atáid ſiad ag ſiċ agus náċ ċréan atáid ſiad ag imirt.

By jove ! how fast they are running and how vigourously they are playing.

Féach cá an liaċróid ġeall le beiċ ſſeaċ ra ċúl ag buaċaillí na Carraiġe.

See, the Rock boys have got the ball very nearly into the goal.

An bſeaċair riam áċ a ḋeire a ſſop Seán Ruaḋ í ?

Did you ever see anything neater than the way Foxey Jack stopped it ?

Mo ghraidhin chroidhe thú, a Sheáin! Is maith a bhí a fhios agam na leigfá thart í.

Bravo, Jack! Well I knew that you wouldn't let it pass you.

An airigeann tú na gártha molta?

Do you hear the cheers?

Tugann na gártha san oiread eile chroidhe dóibh.

These cheers give them double courage.

Ní feicim Éamonn Labhráir ag imirt; bhíor ag cainnt leis mhé féin, agus dubairt sé liom go mbéadh sé annyo; ní feadar cad d'imthigh air.

I don't see Ned Larry playing; I was talking to him as lately as yesterday and he told me he would be here; I wonder what happened him?

Do thuit tionóisc amach dó um chrátnóna inné agus é ag rothaireacht fé dhéin a thighe féin.

He met with an accident last evening as he was cycling towards his own house.

Dhíreach agus é a' gabháil timpall an chúinne ag tuitim an bóthair, do rith an rothar fíor le fánaidh agus níor bhféidir dó é stop toirt gan corrag a bheith aige air.

Just as he was rounding the corner at the fall of the road the cycle ran down headlong and he couldn't possibly stop it as he had no brake.

Do caitheadh an buachaill bocht i gcoinnibh an chlaidhe, agus do bhaineadh an chamán go dian aige.

The poor boy was thrown against the fence and his hip was severely injured.

Cad chuige an gleó go léir?

What is the meaning of all the uproar?

Cad é mar liughaireacht! Táid siad a' sgiorradh a gcarad féin.

What shouting! They are urging on their own friends.

"Buail an liathróid go mear, a Dhéaglain, nách fuigin atáoi, a dhuine!"

"Strike the ball quickly, Declan; how slow you are, man!"

"A Dhonchadh, ná h-árduigh an liathróid mar sin, fág ar an bhróid i."

"Denis, don't lift the ball like that; leave it on the sod."

Féach an fear árd agus an preabaire ruadh ag rith i gcoinnibh a chéile agus an liathróid eadarta.

See the tall man and the red-headed athletic chap running against one another with the ball between them

Tá an fear ruadh a' diarraidh treabhcairt do bhaint as, ach ní dóigh liom go bhféadfaidh sé an fathach san do leagadh.

The foxey lad is trying to knock him down, but I don't think he can bring that giant down.

Ach ní luga ná féadfaidh seisean an diolúnach téagartha talmhaidhe a bhaint d'á bhonnaibh cé go dtug sé cramán agus gualann dó.

But neither can he bring down the brawny fellow, who is so firm on his feet, although he gave him a hip and shoulder.

An bhfuil an fear san dleathach?

I wonder is that fair?

Is dóigh liom go bhfuil.

I think so.

An bhfaca sibh an drochbheart (nó éagcóir) a rinne an fear úd thall ar an bhfear a bhí ag tabhairt puic do'n liathróid; do thug sé cor coise dó, agus níl san dleathach i n-aon-chor; bha caillte an ghníom é.

Have you seen the foul that man yonder did to the man who was pucking the ball? He tripped him, and that is by no means lawful; it was a low mean act.

Féach, a Sheáin, do leig an cúl-báire an liathróid tairis agus do b'olc an mhaire aige é.

See, Johnny, the goal-keeper allowed the ball to pass him, and 'twas badly done by him.

Tá báire beirthe ag foirinn na Carraige.

The Rock team has got a goal.

Is fearr go mbeidh leath na h-aimsire imtigh anoir agus beidhfar ag athruighadh taobh agus is maith an dhail ar dhuathailli na Croise é mar beidh an ghaoth 'na ndiaidh.

'Twill soon be half-time now and they will be changing sides, and it is a good thing for the boys of the Cross, for they will have the wind with them.

An aireagann tú na buaċ ailli agus na cailíni ag rpreagaḋ roimhe na Croiṫe "cappáirte, a ċlann ó, ir beag atá eaḋarraiḃ."

Do you hear the boys and girls urging on the boys of the Cross, "Courage, lads, the difference is nothing."

Féaċ anoir mar a láṁuigeann riaḋ agus mar a bearṫuigeann riaḋ na camáin.

See now how they handle and wield the hurleys.

Caḋ é mar neart 'na mbuillíḃ! Ní feaca riaṁ aċ a bpeaġtaċt agus a deire atá buaċailli na Croiṫe ag imirt a' láṁaiḃ a ċéile.

What strength in their strokes! I never saw anything finer or neater than the combination shown by the boys of the Cross.

'Sé mo ċuairim ná buaḋfar orṫa mar tá an mianaċ go h-iongnaċ ionnta agus tá fior a ngnóta aca.

In my opinion they will not be beaten, because they are wonderful stuff, and they know their business well.

Mo ġraiḋin mo ṫúil! Tá an liaċróiḋ irteaċ ra ċúl aca anoir.

'Tis well I knew! They have got the ball into the goal now.

Connur tá an comaireaṁ ag ġaċ taoḃ?

How is the score on each side?

Ni'l puinn eaḋarṫa; tá aon ċúl aṁáin ag buaċailli na Croiṫe agus ċúl agus ṫá puinnte ag an broiṫinn eile.

They are almost even. The boys of the Cross have got one goal and the other team a goal and two points.

Nior b'aon iongnaḋ liom ṫá mbeaḋ an buaḋ ag roiṫinn na Croiṫe fóṫ. Féuċ tá poc raor aca anoir; agus tá an baire a' ṫuil i gconnuiḃ buaċailli na Carraige; tá a ṫeallraṁ orṫa go bruil riaḋ ag éirġe corṫa.

I would not be in the least surprised if the team of the Cross won yet. See, they have a "free" now; and the game is turning out unfavourably for the Rock boys. They look as if they were getting tired.

Ceapaim go bfuil an aimsir irtis, agus gurab é an cóimheam céudna atá ag gach taob—trí báire agus puinnte. Mo ceol rib, a buachailli na Croise.

I believe the time is up; and that the count is even on both sides—three goals and a point. Well done, boys of the Cross.

Béarfaid rib an chaob leo an bliadain seo chugainn. Siúd an feadóg ag imeacht! Cluiche cothromach iseadh é. Imeóchar airis é.

You will win the championship next year. There goes the whistle. The match is a draw. It will be played over again.

A Chiarcair! tá sé a ceathair a chlog. Sluaisreann ant am ar cor anáirde.

By Jove, it is four o'clock. How time flies.

Tá sé pós luat againn dul abaile fós; fan go bfeicimid an cluiche peile.

It is too early yet to go home, wait till we see the football match.

Tá na foirne peile go h-ana mhaith, ach deallruigeann tú go bfuilir corcha agus bfóidir gur b'fearr leat iad d'feirsint uair éigin eile.

The football teams are very good, but you seem to be tired, and perhaps you would perfer to see them another time.

Tá an ceart agat. Chuadar i m'coir go Mainirtir na Corran aréir inné agus thánag abaile i m' coir. Ceapar go ndéanfaid sheas maith siubail maithear dom. Seallaim duit go rabar corcha, tnáithe, thréir an airtir a chuireas diom. Ni fearrde me fós é.

You are quite right. I walked to Midleton the day before yesterday and walked home also. I thought a good walk would do me good. I assure you I was quite exhausted after the journey. I am not better of it yet.

Ni h-aon iongnadh liom tu a beith a' mianfadach. Seo, biod deannóg shaoire agat.

I am not a bit surprised that you are yawning. Here, have a pinch of snuff.

Slάinte ċuġat, aġur beannaċt Dé le n-anaman do marb! Is maiṫ láṫair an tṫnaoir í: tá sí ġam ċur a' ṫaoċartuiġ. Dia linn!

Thank you, and may God rest the souls that left you! It is good strong snuff; it is making me sneeze. God bless us!

Seo aniar Taḋg Meirġeaċ. Raġmiḋ ċun cainnte leir. Is ait an duine Taḋg aġur is deacair é ṫáram. Ni ṫtabann sé aċ a' loċtuġċán.

Here is Rusty Tim coming up. We shall go to speak to him. Tim is a peculiar individual and it is hard to please him; he never ceases finding fault.

Dail ó Dia ort, a Taiḋg. Connus a ċaiṫe an báire leat?

Good morrow, Tim. How did you like the hurling match?

Bi sé cuibṫeaċ: aċ bi beirt nó ṫrir ort, aġur ċeapar go ndéanṫaidis a ngnó niot ṫeapp.

It was middling; but there were two or three from whom I expected better things.

A Taiḋg, an airġir riam an ṫean-ṫocal, "Is maiṫ ant iománaiḋe an té a bionn ar an ġclaiḋe."

Tim, have you ever heard the old saying: "The man on the fence is always a good hurler"?

plannaí.

Plants.

Tá sé ċóm maiṫ aġainn dul ċar n-air tṫid an ngleann, le h-air an tṫnoċa, mar tá na plannaí aġur na bláċanna ġo ṫeóiġ ann.

We may as well return through the glen, beside the stream, for the plants and flowers are beautiful there.

Is ṁó-beaġ an t eólar atá aġamsa ar luibeannaiḃ ná ar ċrannaiḃ. Is ar éiġin ḋ'aiṫneoċainn na ċrainn ċar a ċéile.

I know very little about herbs or trees. I could scarcely distinguish the trees from one another.

Ni mór ant eólar atá aġam ṫéin ort, aċ mar sin

féin, tairbeánfad cuid acá duit agus 'neórfad na h-ainmneacá duit.

nevertheless I will point out some of them to you and give you their names.

Stad neómat, cím go bfuil gaillreac (nó gairdreac) agus reangáin ar do car óig ; ní fuláir nó go raib tom reangán fan áit 'na radair i c'fuide. Leig dom iad a fcuabad díot le m' ciarfúir.

Stop a moment, I see you have got an earwig and ants on your coat ; there must have been an anthill where you were sitting. Let me brush them off with my handkerchief.

Féuc an plannda breág fan ar do deir. Órmuire (nó lus Muire) ir ainm do. Tá na bláthanna ar dath an óir air.

See that fine plant on your right. Marigold it is called. It has gold-coloured flowers.

Coinneal-Muire ir ainm do'n plannda ápu atá laistig de. Tugtar lusmór leis mar ainm air i n-áiteanaib áirigthe.

The high plant to the inside of it is mullein. It is also called the "big herb" in certain places.

Cifimid plannuai ar ball gur ab ainm dóib Rósmuire, agus dréimire-Muire.

Later on we shall see plants called Rosemary and Centaury.

Féuc ar an dtaob tall de'n cnuc. Lus-na-mban-fide an luib ir giorra dúinn ; falaingbaintigeanna ir ainm do'n luib atá laistiar de ; agus tá lus-ruibe go flúirseac ann leis.

Look to the other side of the stream. The plant nearest to us is Foxglove (or Lady's Fingers), and the herb below it is called Lady's-mantle ; Rue is in abundance there also.

An dteiceann tú an plannda beag go dfuil na bláthanna beaga bána air ? Lasair-léan (nó bainne-cíche-na n-éun) é sin.

Do you see the small plant with the white little flowers ? That is spurge.

Tá rúṡ bán ra ṡar, aṡur ir mór an bioṡbáil a deineann ré. Marbuiṡtear na n-éirc leir.

The stalk contains white sap, which does a great deal of harm. People kill the fish with it.

Ciṁ ṡo bruil mormónta annro leir. Ir mó leiṡear atá ra mormónta (nó bormóṫar).

I see wormwood there also. There are many cures in wormwood.

Sin crann beaṡ ana coiṫceann ar ṫ' aṡaiḋ amaċ. Tá aiṫne aṡ ṡaċ aoinne ar an ṡcrann cruim, aṡur ir cruaṡ ṡan eólar aṡ ṡaċ aoinne leir ar na leiṡiṫreannaiḃ atá le ráṡail ann.

These opposite you is a little tree which is very common. Everyone knows the elder, and it is a pity that everyone does not also understand the cures that are in it.

Tuṡaim ṗé ndeara ṡo bruil loċal-an-ṡáipḋin imr ṡaċ aon ball ra dúṫaiṡ reo.

I notice the Veronica everywhere in this district.

Cé ná fuil loċal-an ṡáipḋin róḋeas ṗéin, planda rior-ṡlas ireaḋ é aṡur taiṫneann plandaí aṡur crainn rior-ṡlara linn ṡo léir.

Although the Veronica is not very beautiful, it is an evergreen, and we all like evergreen plants and trees.

Ṗéuċ irteaċ ra ṡáipḋin reo, náċ breaṡ iad na ṡrian-bláṫa aṡur na hocuir-ṡáipḋin aṡur tá an camán-miniṡ leir, a ṗár ann, aṡur cromluir ṡo leor.

Look into this garden Are not the sun-flowers and holly-hocks beautiful? The camomile is also growing there, and there are poppies in abundance.

Ni ṡeadar an doman connur a cailleaḋ ant eolur cruinn, beaċt, a bí aṡ ár rinnrear, ar na crannaiḃ, aṡur ar na plandaí aṡur ar ar ḃain leo ṡo léir?

I don't know at all how the accurate, perfect knowledge our forefathers had of trees and plants, and of all that appertained to them, came to be lost.

Ní fuí deacair an ceist sin a réiteach. Tá 'f agat conas mar a cuireadh corc ar an nGaeilg agus conas mar a gabadh de chrann inniu. Dá dheasmad sin níor bhuláir do muintir na h-Éireann cur fuar de'n nGaeilg a labairt le n-a gclainn. Do réir mar a bí an teanga ag imtheacht bí an t-eólus ar na plannaí agus ar na leigheannaibh a bí iontu ag imtheacht i ndiaidh ar ndiaidh, go dtí gur caillead beag nach ar fad é. Nil ach fo-duine annso a'f annsúd anoir go bfuil aon eólus aige ar luibeannaibh.

It is not very difficult to solve that question. You know how the Irish language was forbidden and how it was trampled under foot. In consequence of that the people of Ireland had to give up the speaking of Irish to their children. According as the language was disappearing, the knowledge of the plants and the cures they contained was also gradually disappearing until it was almost altogether lost. It is only an odd individual here and there who knows anything now about herbs.

Níor bhéidir dor na seantaoine ant eólus sin a thabairt do'n aor óg i mBéarla, mar ní raibh siú na h-ainmneacha acu féin i mBéarla.

The older people could not possibly impart that knowledge to the young in English, for they themselves did not know the names in English.

Tuigim an sgéul go léir anoir, agus ni mirte a ráid ná gur truagh an sgéul é.

I understand the whole story now, and certainly it is a sorry story.

Ní fuláir dúinn bhorcugad orrainn mar tá an lá ag éirge déanach, agus féuch, tá Móirin cior ag ceann an tige a' feitheam linn.

We must hurry on, for the day is growing late, and see, Moreen is below at the gable of the house waiting for us.

Is iongnadh an gearr-daile i. Cé go bfuil sí óg tá sí go ciallmar, agus go

She is a wonderful little girl. Though she is young, she is very sens-

ṡean-ċṗionnaċ, agus bionn ṡí ṡo ṡoiṁḃiṗ i ṡcóṁnuiḋe agus 'ṡé ṗaċ an ṡṡéil é, tá ṡí ag an ṡcimeáḋaiḋe tiġe is ṡeaṗṗ ṡa ṗaṗṗóiṗte.

ible and precocious, and she is always pleasant, and the best of it all is, she is the best housekeeper in the Parish.

Dail ó Dia oṁ, a Mhóiṁin!

God bless you, Moreen!

An bail ċéudna oṁṗaḋṗe!

God bless you, kindly!

Is ḋóċa ṡo bṗuil ṁuid le n-iċe ag bean-a'-tiġe 'n-aṗ ṡcóṁ, a ċuid.

I dare say the lady of the house has something for us to eat, my pet.

Tá an té ullaṁ, agus tá ciṗte deaṗ againn 'n-bun ṡcóiṁ leiṗ. Me ṡéin a ḋein é.

The tea is ready, and we have a nice cake for you also. I made it myself.

Said ag do ṡaoġal, a Ṡṁanáiṁ! Da ṁaiṫ an cuiṁneaṁ agat é.

Long life to you, my dear! It was very thoughful of you.

Halla Luċt Staonta ó'n Ól.

The Total Abstinence Hall.

Buail Seán Ó n-Aoda uṁam ag maiḋin agus ċuiṗ ṡé ṡṗó oṁ.

I met John O'Hea this morning, and he stopped me to talk.

D'innis ṡé ḋom ṡo mbeiḋ ḋṗama'á ġabáil ṡa Halla um ṡṁáṫnóna amáiṗeaċ agus ṡo bṗuil na h-aiṗteóiṗi ṡo ṁaiṫ. Ag ṁaiṫ leat ṡeaċt i n-éiṁṗeaċt liom ċun iad ḋ'feiṗċint?

He told me there will be a dramatic performance in the Hall to-morrow evening, and that the artists are wonderfully good. Would you like to come with me to see them.

Beiḋ áċaṗ oṁ ḋul le ċ' ċoiṗ. Is minic ḋ'aiṁġeaṗ ṡṁáċt ag an Halla ṡan. Is ḋóċa ṡo mbionn ana ċaiṫeaṁ aimṗiṗe ag na buaċaillí ann.

I shall be delighted to go with you. I have often heard about that Hall. I suppose the boys have great amusement there.

Ní h-amáin drámanna ać cleasraḋ ceoil a bíonn 'á gabáil ag na buaćailli agus na cailíní a baineann leis an Halla, mar tá an buiḋean cóirseanma go h-iongnaćaċ againn.

Not only do the boys and girls who belong to the Hall stage dramas, but they also have operatic performances, for we have a wonderful choral society.

Tá breis a'r trí fiċiḋ amránaiḋċe innti, agus is mór ab fiú duit beiṫ ag éisteaċt leo. Is mór an ċreiḋeamaint atá a' dul do'n ceoltóir a múin iad.

There are over sixty singers in it, and it would be well worth your while to hear them. There is great credit due to the mnsician who trained them.

Bíonn a lán cluiṫeí aca 'á imirt: táiplis, fiṫċeall, billiardaḋ, cártaí.

They play many games—draughts, chess, billiards, and cards.

An dtéiḋeann tú féin ann go minic?

Do you go there often yourself?

Téiḋim gan amharas, mar is maiṫ liom cluiṫe cártaí d'imirt anoir agus airiṁ, cé nać ceannaḋać mé. Bíonn anaṫróṫ againn agus is ró-beag ant airgeaḋ a ċaillean ná a beirtear aoinne, mar ní bíonn ać leaṫ-pingne an cluiṫe mar ġeall againn.

Yes, certainly, for I like a game of cards now and again, though I am not an adept at them. We have great fun, and no one loses or wins much, for we play for only a halfpenny a game.

Tá reóṁra breaġ cleasluiṫ ann leis agus gać aon tragar ġléis oirċeamnaiġ—barra coṫromaċ, barrai cóimḟinne, tréimire dreasaḋóireaċta agus mar sin de.

There is a fine gymnasium there also, and every kind of gymnasium apparatus, horizontal bar, parallel bars, climbing ladders, and so on.

Tá leaḃarlann againn agus na leaḃair go maiṫ agus

We have got a nice library stocked with good, in-

go ro-léigte. Is minic-ighe mé ra leabhraiann ná ag imirt cluichí, mar tá an seómra go fearcair agus an deire na cruinne.

teresting books. I am more in the library than engaged at games, for the room is very cosy, and exceedingly nice.

Tá seómraí fé leith i gcóir na gcailíní agus is maith agus is tairbheach an obair a bhionn aca 'á déanamh iontu. Bhionn obair fhádaithe, chiotáil agus cócaireacht aca 'á foghlaim agus tá na múinteóiri ar fheabhas aca.

There are special rooms for the girls, in which good and useful work is being done. They learn needlework, knitting and cooking from splendid teachers.

Bhionn áthas orm teacht go dtí an Halla t'éis obair an lae agus beirt a' caint leis na buachaillí, nó ag imirt cluiche leo; agus is fearrde mé é.

I am delighted to come to the Hall after the day's work and talk with the boys, or join in their games, and I feel all the better for it.

Ní dóigh liom go bhfeaca riamh i n-aon áit eile oiread san daoine baileighte le chéile go raibh a leithéid de fhoilbhear agus de fhuaimeas na gceannighthe.

I don't think I ever saw anywhere else so many happy, joyous faces gathered together.

Tá na fuirne peile agus na fuirne h-iománá go deóigh. Dubh dheacair iad a fháguigh. Is 'mó cluiche bhreagh imrid riad agus is minic a bhímid mórdhálach arta.

The football and hurling teams are splendid. It would be difficult to excel them. Many a fine game they play, and many a time we feel proud of them.

An Gaeḋilg. — The Irish Language.

Is clor ḋom go mḃionn an Gaeḋilg leis agaiḃ 'á múineaḋ sa Halla. Tá súil agam go ḃfuil aig éirge liḃ.

I am told the Irish also is being taught in the Hall. I trust you are succeeding.

Tá aig éirge leis na sculáirí atá ḋáiríriḃ, aċ nil aig éirge leis ná ḋaoine ná bionn a gcroiḋe aca san obair, agus ní fiú iaḋ go n-éireoċ' leó.

The students who are in earnest are succeeding, but those whose hearts are not in the work are not succeeding, and they do not deserve to succeed.

Tá ḋaoine ann agus is ḋóig leo gur ċeart go bféuḋfaiḋir an Gaeḋilg ḋ'foglaim gan aon phioc ḋ'á ḋuag ḋ'fágail, agus annsan nuair ná n-éirgeann leó ni bionn ḋe leaṫgéul aca aċ "tá an Gaeḋilg ró ċruaiḋ."

There are people who imagine that they ought to be able to learn Irish without taking the least trouble with it, and then, when they don't succeed, their excuse is, that the Irish is too difficult.

Cuireann san i gcuimne ḋom sgéul an ċait a bí ag iarraiḋeaċt ar an ḋtráig ċiṫim. Mar is fearaṫ ḋuit, bionn ana ḋúil ag cat i n-iarr-aċ ni maiċ leis i n-aḋ' ċos a lapai a fliuċaḋ.

That brings to my mind the story of the cat that was fishing on the dry strand. As you are aware a cat is very fond of fish, but he does not wish by any means to wet his paws.

Ḋ'á ḃrig sin nuair a ċiċeann sé na h-éirc sa ḃraiṫge i n'aice, sannann sé ar an ḋtráig a' fairc orca agus ag brat ar go ḋtiocfaiḋ siaḋ amaċ ar an uisce ċuige.

And so, when he sees the fishes close to him in the sea he remains on the strand watching them, and expecting they will come out of the water to him.

Sin é an údáltas agá lán daoine a bíonn ag caint ar an nGaedilg; bud mait leó í beit aca, ach ní mait leó an ceartaige ir luga ar doman a béanam dóib féin cun í foglaim.

That is precisely the case with a great many people who talk about the Irish; they would like to know it, but they don't like to cause themselves the smallest inconvenience in the world to learn it.

'Na ceadh fan a'r uile nách dóig leat go bfuil cúr na Gaedilge ag dul ar aghaidh?

Nevertheless don't you think the Irish Language movement is advancing?

Nách féidir le n-a lán daoine i gcuimhne agus i reamhadh agus i labhairt inr gach áit' ball ar fuaid na tíre? Níor mhaith rin dóib cá fiche bliadhain ó shoin.

Are there not a great many people everywhere through the country who are able to understand, write, and speak it? Such was not the case twenty years ago.

Ir fíor fan ach do béadh an rgéul i bfad níor fearr aghaidh dá mbéadh an caint ar siubhal níor minicighe ná mar a bíonn sí.

That is quite true, but things would be far better if conversation were carried on more frequently than it is.

Ir maith linn a clor go bfuil na léighteoiri agus na reamhneoiri a 'dul i lionmaireacht, ach do bfearr linn i bfad na cainnteoiri a beit a'dul i méid.

We are glad to hear that the readers and writers are growing more numerous, but we should much prefer the speakers to be increasing in numbers.

Déidir gur feáchmar a bíonn na foglaimteoiri agus nách maith leo an Gaedilg a labhairt agus a luighead atá aca di.

Perhaps the learners feel shy, and don't like to speak Irish, seeing how little of it they know.

Dʼéiɖiṙ é : aċ ṗé ɖeaȝ móṙ ɖi aṫá aca ɖuɖ ċeaṙṫ ɖóiɖ í laɖaiṙṫ aȝuṙ ɖul i ɖṫaiɖiȝe na ċainnṫe. Maṙ aɖeiṙ an ṙeanfocal : " Uaṙṗaiṙeaċṫ a ɖeineaṅ Máiȝiṙṫeaċṫ."

Perhaps so ; but no matter how little or much of it they know they ought to speak it and get accustomed to the conversation. As the proverb says : " Practice makes perfect."

Tiocfaiɖ ṙaɖṙáiɖeaċṫ ċainnṫe aȝuṙ coṫṙom focal ċuċa ȝan ṁoill aċ ɖeaȝán ɖe'n Ȝaeɖilȝ a laɖaiṙṫ i n-aȝaiɖ 'n lae.

They will soon acquire fluency of speech and a command of words, provided they speak a little Irish every day.

Tá ṗé ɖuailṫe iṙṫeaċ i m'aiȝne ȝo mbeiɖ ṗé ḟuaṙ aȝainn ɖeiṫ a'ɖiaṙṙaiɖ an Ȝeaɖilȝ ɖ'aiṫɖeoċaint aṙ ḟuaiɖ na ṫiṙe maṙa nɖéanṫaṙ i ṁúineaɖ inṙ na ṙcoileannaiḃ, aȝuṙ ȝó móṙ-móṙ inṙ na Scoileannaiḃ Náiṙiúnṫa.

I am convinced that we shall strive in vain to revive the Irish throughout the country unless it be taught in the schools, and especially in the National Schools.

Ɖuɖ ċeaṙṫ ɖoṙ na h-oiɖiḃ ṙcoile ṫoȝa an aiṙeaċair a ɖéanaṁ aṙ an ȝcainnṫ a ɖeiṫ aṙ ṙiúɖal inṙ na ṙanȝaiḃ i n-aȝaiɖ 'n lae ; aȝuṙ 'na ɖeannṫa ṙan an ḟoȝaṙaiɖeaċṫ aȝuṙ an ɒlaṙ ceaṙṫ aȝuṙ ɖul ceaṙṫ na ɖeanȝan a ṁúineaɖ ɖoṙ na leanḃaí.

The school teachers should take the greatest care to have conversation in the classes every day ; and also to teach the children the pronunciation, the correct accent, and the proper construction of the language.

Iṙ ȝnáṫ le ɖuine ɖeṙ na ṙean-Ȝaeɖilȝeoiṙi a ɖeiṫ a' caṙaɖ aṙṁuċáin leiṙ na ḟoȝluimċeoiṙi, aȝuṙ 'á ṙáɖ naċ i an Ȝaeɖilȝ

Some of the old Irish speakers have the habit of taunting the learners, and saying that it is not the right Irish they speak at

Ceapt atá aca i n-aó' ċoṁ. Ní fuláir dúinn go léir ar nDícheall a déanaṁ ar gan an arṁúcán san a ċur leaṁ.

all. We must all do our very best not to deserve that reproach.

Maidir le cuid de ċraobhacaib Connarta na Gaedhilge tugaim fé ndeara ná bíonn ach fíor beagán cainnte ar siúbal aca inr na rangaib. Sin dearṁad mór. Dhá ċeart formhór ná h-aimsire a ċaitheamh suas do'n ċainnt.

With regard to some of the Gaelic League branches, I notice that they have but very little conversation in the classes. That is a great mistake. They should occupy the greater part of the time with conversation.

Is minic aiṁsim daoine 'á rádh nach í an Gaedhilg céadna a bíonn 'á labairt i gcúigidh na h-Eireann, agus nách féidir do'n Mhumhneach ant Ultach a ċuireint.

I often hear people say that the Irish spoken in the provinces of Ireland is not the same, and that a Munster man cannot understand a man from Ulster.

Ná bac iad féin. Is í an Gaedhilg céadna a bíonn 'á labairt inr na cúigidh go léir, ach amain beiridheacht beag a beit eadarta sa blas agus sa bhoghardheacht. Ceapaim gur 'mo an deiridh atá sa Bhéarla a labhartar inr na cúigidh.

Don't mind those people. It is the same Irish that is spoken in all the provinces, only that there is a little difference in the accent and pronunciation I believe there is greater difference in the English spoken in the provinces.

An bruil fíor agat canad a labhartar an Gaedhilg is fearr?

Do you know where the best Irish is spoken?

Is deacar a rádh. Tá sí ċar bárr agá lán daoine i

It is hard to say. Great numbers speak it splen-

ngaé cúigeaó. Is dóig leis an gConnaéтaé gur aige féin atá an Gaeðilg is cruinne agus is blaiтa. D'péir an cean-focail: "Tá blas gan ceart ag an Mumhneaé; tá ceart gan blas ag an Laigneaé; nil ceart na blas ag an Ultaé; tá ceart agus blas ag an gConnaéтaé."

didly in each province. The Connacht man thinks he himself speaks Irish most accurately and with the best accent. According to an old saying: "The Munster man speaks with good accent, but not correctly; the Leinster man speaks correctly, but has not a good accent; the Ulster man speaks neither correctly nor with a good accent; the Connacht man speaks correctly, and with right accent."

Ni fuláir nó gur Connaéтaé a ceap an fean-focal fan.

It must have been a Connacht man that invented that old saying.

An Críoc.

The End.

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